

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

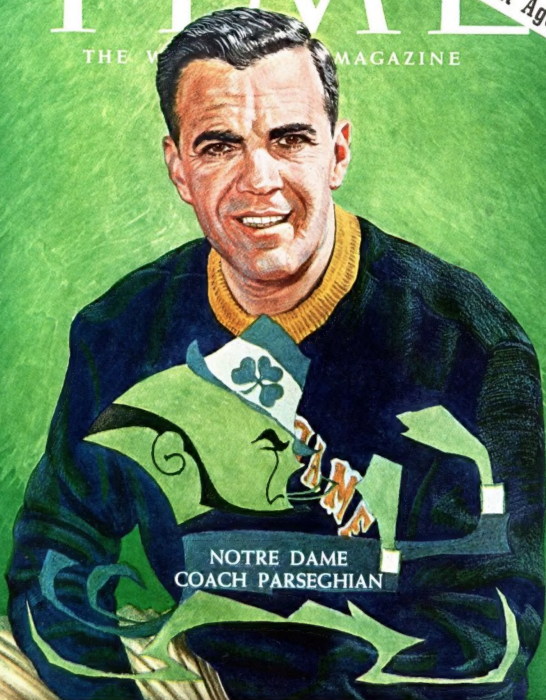
NOVEMBER 20, 1964

*The Fighting Irish Fight Again*

# TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

*Born Challenged...*



NOTRE DAME  
COACH PARSEGHIAN

Is Hertz  
big enough?



Would we be building all those new Hertz offices if we were? If we can't give you a fresh Chevy or other fine car where and when you want it, then we're not big enough. Rush our 19-point garage check? Never. Remember, we offer the security of Certified Service. So don't settle for second best. Not when you know *Hertz is growing for you every day.*

**HERTZ**  
RENT A CAR

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat!

You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel or other accredited charge card...and the new Hertz Reversing Credit Plan lets you rent now! pay later.



## CONNECTICUT GENERAL

*Group Insurance | Pension Plans | Health | Accident | Life  
Company, Hartford.*

By communicating all the facts — forcefully and frequently — B.E.U. adds an important new dimension to your benefit program. The results? You get added value from the dollars you spend. A Connecticut General agent or broker will gladly give you more information. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

investment in group insurance and pension plans. For the dollars they spend . . . full power from their

B.E.U. is helping many firms today to get full value pension plans, exclusive with Connecticut General. Understanding of group insurance and your competitors gain their skills. How can a company hold good men? One proven way is B.E.U.—Better Employee. Understanding of group insurance and your competitors gain their skills. How can a company hold good men? One proven way is B.E.U.—Bet-

### Are you losing key men to your competitors?



# A word of advice before you buy that new car:

## Triumph

Consider the TR-4 below right.

It's a real sports car. All four forward gears are synchromesh, lightning-fast. Tremendous torque whips you to 60 mph in 10½ seconds. Rack-and-pinion steering gives instant response. Low center of gravity and genuine sports car suspension straighten the wickedest curves. And mammoth disc brakes doggedly refuse to falter or fade.

No wonder the TR-4 is America's most popular sports car. \$2849\*.

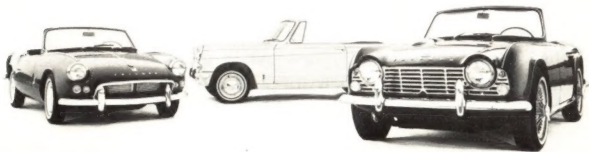
Next, another real sports car: the Spitfire, left. Roll-up windows. Disc brakes. Four-wheel independent suspension. She's a swinger: longer, lower, wider, faster than anything in her price league. \$2199\*.

Finally, the Triumph 1200, middle. It's the 4-passenger convertible with sports

car features. Fold-away top. Bucket seats. Adjustable steering wheel. Walnut dash. Four forward speeds. \$1949\*.

(How about the availability of Triumph services? No problem. Parts are available through a nationwide network of warehouses, dealers and distributors.)

A word to the wise is sufficient: Triumph.



\*Suggested retail price. MSRP. plus state and/or local taxes. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Business delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 375 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Canada: Standard-Triumph (Canada) Ltd., 1455 Eglinton Avenue W., Toronto 10, Ont.



# STOP!

don't buy a cordless shaver  
that doesn't have

# POWERLITE!

©1964 Schick Electric, Inc., Leominster, Pa./Schick Canada, Ltd., Ont.

The new Schick CORDLESS is the one electric shaver with POWERLITE. That's the amazing electronic window that dims to warn you when it's time to recharge. The Schick CORDLESS can't let you down in the middle of a shave. And with its famous stainless steel shaving head, it must give you sharper, faster, kinder shaves. Anywhere.

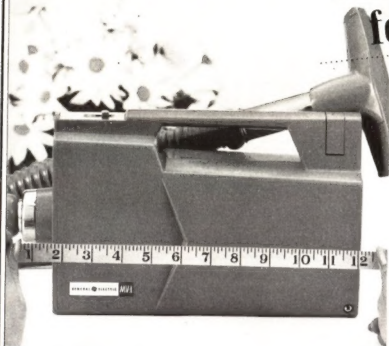
## New Schick Cordless with **POWERLITE**

**S**  
the mark of quality



FIRST IN  
HOME CARE

## Work savers for sale!



**New General Electric MV-1 Portable Cleaner** does so many things so powerfully well! Lightweight, camera-size, portable (less than 12 in. long and just over 4 lbs. light), cleans, stores away where others can't. A new light, airy, and fast way to do all your above-the-floor cleaning. Good for bare floor sweeping and lightweight pick-up on carpets, too! How about your car? All the attachments you need are included.



**New Upright Cleaner with Automatic Cord-Reel.** No more tugging . . . twisting . . . no more tangled cords. A touch of the finger and the cord disappears into the cleaner for easy storage. Power-driven, double spiral brush lifts both surface and imbedded dirt from the deepest pile carpets. King-size bag for less changing and greater economy. Converts to attachment cleaning in seconds, no adaptor required.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., HOME CARE & COMFORT PRODUCTS DEPT.,  
ROBESON ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

NEVER A BETTER  
TIME THAN NOW . . .

TO BRING HOME THE COMFORT OF  
GENERAL MOTORS CLIMATE CONTROL . . .



**YOUR FAMILY WILL ENJOY IT ALL YEAR LONG!**



What a happy homecoming . . . when you arrive in that new car with Harrison four-season climate control! It's the beginning of something wonderful for your family! Inside your car, choose the temperature that's most comfortable—365 days a year . . . regardless of the weather outside! And climate control *conditions* the air, removes dirt and excess humidity. Clothes stay neat . . . everybody's refreshed. With windows up—insects, wind and traffic noise don't bother you. Nerves take it easy . . . even children keep calm, cheerful. Four-season climate control's comfort is a family affair—every day! Try it at your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick dealer's, or try Comfort Control at your Cadillac dealer's.

• COMPRESSOR BY FRIGIDAIRE

YOU CAN ENJOY FOUR-SEASON CLIMATE CONTROL IN MOST SMALLER-SIZE GENERAL MOTORS CARS, TOO.

**FOUR-SEASON**  
CAR CLIMATE CONTROL

GM  **HARRISON**

HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK



## Vacation homes come true at your Full Service bank

It's no coincidence that the families who own a boat, or a second car, or a cabin usually practice the same rule of financial success: *Don't split your money.* Team up your savings and checking accounts in one Full Service bank. This way, your money grows muscle. Your savings earn guaranteed interest. Your

money is safe, and available when you need cash or collateral or a credit rating. You can use it to gain a favorable position when you want a *low-cost* loan. (Only Full Service banks can make home loans as well as all other kinds of loans.) Day in, year out, you're better off with a Full Service bank.



*"The place where you keep your checking account"*

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



## Well, young man, how's doctoring in the rough?

Right now, this medical school senior is making a discovery. Though his ten years or more of study and training are tough and exacting, the day-to-day realities of doctoring can demand even more.

Serving for a month under a practicing physician as his Preceptor, he's learning fast. How to sift symptoms from the many things an office patient may say. How to snatch sleep between late-at-night calls. How to handle emergencies that must somehow be met far from the comforting help of a modern hospital.

There's the same kind of realism in A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. No matter how promising a new drug may seem, it must prove its practicality through months, often years, of costly and exhaustive tests. There is no substitute for thoroughness in creating better medicines for doctors of today and of tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS CO., INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

**Robins**

*Making today's medicines with integrity . . . seeking tomorrow's with persistence.*



# All over America the swing's to wings Piper Sales up 43%

## Here are just 6 reasons why

Private aircraft sales up 30% over a year ago; Piper sales up 43%. One big reason: industrial concerns find airplanes a must—such as this luxurious six-passenger, twin-engine Piper Aztec C with 218 mph top speed, 2 big baggage compartments.



Faster, yet lower-priced twin-engine aircraft such as this sleek, 204 mph four-passenger Twin Comanche have brought the cost of fast, round-the-clock transportation down to a practical level. Luxuriously quiet with double soundproofing.



Busy business planes are great for far-ranging, carefree pleasure cruises, too. The Lloyd Clarks and Clark Colbys of Des Moines, Iowa, find it's an easy one-day trip to the Bahamas, Mexico, or the Canadian north woods in their own Comanche.



Fast, flexible transportation saves so much time. No timetables, no connections, no gate waiting, no baggage problems. This four-place 400-horsepower Piper Comanche 400 has 223 mile-hour top speed. Non-stop range up to 1700 miles.



All modern navigation aids—the same as those used by airliners—are available. Many Pipers are equipped, as this Twin Comanche is, with dual VOR/ILS systems, automatic radio direction finder, distance measuring equipment, and automatic pilot.



New flying ease. New Piper Cherokee 140 2-place sport/trainer is even easier to fly than the famous Piper Cub. Modern low wing cushions landings, wide tricycle landing gear takes skill out of take-offs, landings; low center of gravity adds to stability.

More and more the swing's to wings—fast Piper wings for business or pleasure. For full details, see your Piper dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) or write for new fact-filled FLIGHT FACTS KIT, including new 20-page booklet "Let's Fly", Dept. 11-T.



**PIPER**

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION  
Lock Haven, Pa. (Main Offices)  
Vero Beach, Fla.

**MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD**



1965 THE YEAR OF THE QUICK WIDE TRACKS

'65 Pontiac Grand Prix.

Now the only question is: who has the year's second-best-looking car?



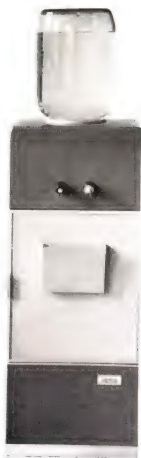
# Blame yourself if your husband is just a meat and potatoes man

You don't need a complicated recipe book to make the rest of his meal exciting. Serve him a combination of Birds Eye's tender baby corn, plump peas, red ripe tomatoes and chopped onions enlivened by five special seasonings. Why shouldn't a man be tempted with exciting vegetable combinations every night? This is just one of twelve Birds Eye® combinations to choose from.





Put the coffee break  
where the work is



with an OASIS  
Hot 'N Cold Water Cooler

(Serves piping hot and icy cold water)

It's easy to take the wastetime out of coffee time. Put the coffee break where the work is. ■ Hot drinks. Cold drinks. Soup. Water. You name it, OASIS has it—in the nifty line of water coolers called Hot 'N Cold. Handy? You bet! Your people get good coffee-break refreshment in a minute at an OASIS Hot 'N Cold. No travel time. No wait time. No wasted time. ■ They'll like the money it saves. You'll like the time it saves. Since time is money, why wait? Fill in the coupon now.

**OASIS**  
Water Coolers

Sold or rented everywhere. Products of **EBCO** See the Yellow Pages. Also, OASIS Humidifiers and Dehumidifiers.

Send me a certificate for free beverage pack and booklet "OASIS Makes Water A Business Asset."

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# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 18

**CBS NEWS SPECIAL** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A memorial tribute to the late President Kennedy, retracing the main events of his Administration. The many off-screen narrators include Adlai Stevenson, McGee Bundy, Hubert Humphrey, Allen Dulles and Theodore Sorensen.

**WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). The second of two original Hollywood-produced films to be aired on TV this season. *The Hanged Man* stars Edmund O'Brien, Vera Miles and Robert Culp. It is a suspense story involving a man's attempt to avenge the death of a friend believed murdered by a union boss. Color.

**THE DINAH SHORE SPECIAL** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Dinah and Gusty. Polly Bergen, Hugh O'Brian and Buddy Ebsen take off on the average American home.

Thursday, November 19

**AN HOUR WITH ROBERT GOULET** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Robert Goulet faces up his first TV special with the aid of Leslie Caron and Terry-Thomas.

Friday, November 20

**THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Bob Hope's guests are Trini Lopez, Donald O'Connor, Stella Stevens and Richard Chamberlain.

Sunday, November 22

**DISCOVERY** (ABC, 11:30-12 noon). A look at Greek and Roman mythology.

**WILD KINGDOM** (NBC, 5-5:30 p.m.). Life of a leopard family and cub. Color.

**JOHN F. KENNEDY MEMORIALS** (NBC and ABC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). NBC News correspondents recall the late President's White House years by use of film clips. ABC looks at the personal life as well as the political career of John F. Kennedy, features a seventh-grade teacher, a Choate schoolmate and Close Friends Lord Lur-leich (Sir David Ormsby Gore) and Kenneth Galbraith.

Tuesday, November 24

**WORLD WAR I** (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). Life in the trenches and the biggest battle of all—the 1916 battle of the Somme.

**THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Dancers Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, Pianist André Previn, and the Brothers Four. Color.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**A SEVERED HEAD**, by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, is a most unusual play to encounter on Broadway. It is a sex farce adapted from a novel by an Oxford University professor of philosophy (Miss Murdoch), and its true subject is the nature of reality. Acted with uncommon skill, it is a delectable repast of fun and thought.

**OH-WHAT A LOVELY WAR**. Period songs, sketches, gauze-clad music-hall girls and blown-up film stills have the cumulative impact of an artillery barrage in Joan Littlewood's biting satire on World War I.

**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**. Zero Mostel seems to expand physically to fill the stage

with yeasty joy, pain and mystery in this musical based on Sholom Aleichem's tales of a poor Jewish dairyman, his family and friends in 1905 Russia.

**ABSENCE OF A CELLO** is a bright, laugh-every-other-minute comedy demonstrating that a free-spirited scientist cannot be stamped into a cog-sized mold.

### Off Broadway

**THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY** has been holdly extrapolated from the celebrated James Thurber story. The young adapters have not been cowed by the sanctity of the master, and the clever lyrics, melodically oriented songs, and infectious *joie de vivre* of the cast make this a thoroughly pleasant musical evening.

**CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS**. A rock-'n'-roll number, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, spoofing the composer and the Beatles, is one of the highlights of this revue imported from the campus on the Cam. The fun flows as seven manic but unassuming Britons set out to tickle a rib rather than wash a brain.

## RECORDS

### Ballads & Broadway Hits

**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** (RCA Victor), recorded by the Broadway cast, has warm, old-fashioned songs by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. Zero Mostel, as Sholom Aleichem's earthy innocent, Teyve the Dairyman, brightens whatever he sings—the reverent *Sabbath Prayer*, the nostalgic *Sunrise, Sunset*, and the wonderful intoxicated gibberish of *I'll Be a Rich Man*.

**BARBRA STREISAND: PEOPLE** (Columbia). Streisand has so much zest that when she sings the blues (*Supper Time*), they sound strictly temporary. Her special forte is in kindling the first flying sparks of an affair (*People*) and feeding the quickening flames with tenderness (*I'm All Smiles*) or wit (*When in Rome, Love Is a Bore*).

**MY FAIR LADY** (Columbia). The sculptor Pygmalion stopped after producing one fair lady, but Columbia Records has no quota. There is a *Fair Lady* to swing to (by André Previn), another to sway to (by Sammy Kaye), one to weep by (Andy Williams), and one to sleep by (Percy Faith). There is also the new movie sound-track, which has Rex Harrison in fine, fierce fettle. But Soprano Marni Nixon, debuting in the voice of Eliza for Audrey Hepburn, sings with more finish than fire. Lovers of Broadway's fair lady, Julie Andrews, will insist on the original-cast recording, which has sold 5,000,000 copies.

**THE VERY BEST OF COLE PORTER** (M-G-M) is one of a seven-disc series that includes "the very best of" Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Kern, Romberg, Lerner and Loewe, and Berlin. The records have ten many humdrum instrumental numbers, but occasionally are brightened by the voices of singers worth listening for: Lena Horne, Judy Garland, Mel Tormé, Rosemary Clooney, Helen Traubel, Kate Smith and Maurice Chevalier. The Porter, for instance, has Louis Armstrong (*You're the Top*), Eartha Kitt (*Always True to You in My Fashion*) and Margaret Whiting (*Just One of Those Things*).

**ANTHONY NEWLEY: IN MY SOLITUDE** (RCA Victor). British Actor Anthony Newley has a rare knack: he sings about love without sounding either sick or lovesick. His diction is equal to his conviction,

and he may well corner the more sophisticated heart market. Even tired songs (*I See Your Face Before Me, For All We Know, The Party's Over*) sound fresh.

**THE DEFINITIVE PIAF** (Capitol; 2 LPs) consists of 22 fine performances, including *La Vie en Rose* and *La Goulouste de Pauvre Jean*. Piaf celebrates the joys of love in a voice already pregnant with sorrow and then suffers gallantly the heart-break she knew was coming. After all, "without a lover, one is nothing."

## CINEMA

**THE PUMPKIN EATER**. Anne Bancroft portrays with dazzling perception a well-kept British matriarch who endures three husbands, a swarm of children, and a nervous collapse before she realizes that all's not well in her pumpkin shell.

**SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**. Guided by voices from Beyond, a demented medium (Kim Stanley) and her timorous mute (Richard Attenborough) plot a kidnapping in this throat-drying English thriller that casts a spell nearly all the way.

**MY FAIR LADY**. The movie version of the Lerner-Loewe musical classic is big, bountiful, and beautiful as ever, with Rex Harrison repeating his Shavian tour de force opposite Audrey Hepburn, who is a passable flower girl and a *Lady* second to none.

**A WOMAN IS A WOMAN**. France's Jean-Luc Godard glorifies the offbeat amours of a Parisian stripteaser (Anna Karina) with some gay, giddy improvisations inspired by New Wave spirit and a handful of old Hollywood musicals.

**WOMAN IN THE DUNES**. A man and a woman trapped in a sand pit get down to the gritty substance of Everyman's fate in this luminous, violent allegory by Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara.

**TOPKAPI**. Men, money and emeralds send Melina Mercouri on a merry chase through Istanbul in Director Jules Dassin's fastest, funniest caper since *Rififi*.

**THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**. Robert Shaw is superb as a big, genial Irishman who swamps his life and his wife (Mary Ure) in a torrent of blarney.

**MARY POPPINS**. A magical London nanny (Julie Andrews) whips up some diverting fun in one of those candid, clever neverlands that Walt Disney delights in.

**SEDUCED AND ABANDONED**. Youthful indiscretions set off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in this tragically by Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Indian Style*).

**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**. In an often hilarious comedy, John, Paul, George and Ringo demonstrate that Beatlemania, taken as they take it—with a grain of salt—can be quite a tolerable affliction.

**THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA**. At a sunny resort for shady people, Ava Gardner, Richard Burton, and Deborah Kerr reach the ends of their ropes while untangling some of Tennessee Williams' best lines.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**A LITTLE LEARNING**, by Evelyn Waugh. In the first volume of his autobiography, the great English satirist looks back on his sunny, comfortable childhood. If he does not quite pin down how he gained his mastery of prose and satire, he gives a lively account of the whims and excesses of his Oxford years and the remarkable companions who were to turn up in his novels.

© All times E.S.T.





## *Where did life begin?*

The expanse of space invites conquest because it may provide new knowledge in answer to profound questions—such as that of the origin of life and of the earth. If extra-terrestrial life is discovered, conjectures about our own life must assume new dimensions.

If the moon, billions of years old, can provide a record uneroded by water or air, it may hold the clue to the origin of the earth. The first flights may show that the moon was formed by a rare collision or that the moon and perhaps the earth were formed by condensation. If the

latter is true, it increases the possibilities that life itself exists in other planetary systems throughout the universe. Thus, the work of Avco and other companies gains particular significance.

Avco is pioneering in the sterilization of space vehicles—so that no earthly organisms will contaminate biological data we may collect. Avco is developing life-detection instruments—and the housing to protect them through re-entry. Similar housing will help return the Apollo astronauts safely to earth from the moon. Teams of Avco scientists and engineers

are now exploring the design of complete crafts to fly to Mars and Venus—and producing such important components as rocket chambers, nozzles, and controls.

These achievements are dynamic. But man's search for knowledge to answer the ultimate questions demands ever-new and imaginative means of securing facts.

If you are interested in joining Avco—an Equal Opportunity Employer—please write. *Avco—leadership in broadcasting; aircraft engines; farm equipment; space and defense research, development and production.*

# Avco

Avco Corporation, 250 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



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WHAT  
BLACK WATCH  
DOES  
FOR A  
MAN  
!**



**BLACK WATCH**  
The Man's Fragrance  
shave lotion \$2.99, cologne \$3 plus tax  
By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

PS57



THEY'RE NEW!  
Black Watch Instant Foam Shave  
Black Watch Pre-Electric Skin Conditioner

**A MAN IN THE WHEATFIELD**, by Robert Lowell. This spare, original novel about a man who tames snakes and alarms the villagers by his powers becomes an allegory of man's ways of confronting dread.

**COLD FRIDAY**, by Whittaker Chambers. Looking back on his earnest years at Columbia and the ideologies that shaped his life, Chambers shows warmth and detachment missing from *Witness*. In particular, the intellectual zeal of the '30s, which demanded that an idea become conviction and that conviction turn into action, comes alive through Chambers' reconsideration of his motives and acts.

**SHADOW AND ACT**, by Ralph Ellison. The author of *The Invisible Man* turns his attention to the situation of the Negro in America, but is wise enough to reject easy solutions or histrionic demands.

**OF POETRY AND POWER**, edited by Edwin Gliko and Paul Schaber. A collection of poems inspired by the death of President Kennedy. The contributors and their feelings came from religious poetry through existential stoicism to beat anger.

**MARKINGS**, by Dag Hammarskjöld. The late U.N. diplomat kept constant counsel with himself throughout his demanding life by recording the outlines of his mind and soul in these journals. It is an astonishing and often eloquent testament of a God-obsessed Christian who measured his actions against his creed.

**FOR THE UNION DEAD**, by Robert Lowell. These very personal poems reflect Lowell's old preoccupations: madness, genius, love—but the despair of his anguished early work has been replaced by a balance that adds a new dimension to Lowell's already considerable power.

**THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW**, by John Cheever. In these short stories, the author keeps a tight grip on his own creatures of *exquisite*, the proletariat of vice presidents, the charming, irrelevant aristocrats and the winning eccentrics who compose a swimming-pool society.

**HERZOG**, by Saul Bellow. A complex, demanding novel about divorce, a custody case, and a gentle man's slow recovery from the brutalization of both Bellow's writing is consistently brilliant, but his extended reveries slow the pace and keep the novel from being a unified work.

#### Best Sellers

##### FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. Condy, Southern and Hofferberg (3)
3. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
4. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (4)
5. Julian, Vidal (6)
6. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
7. Armageddon, Lewis (7)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)
9. The Man, Wallace (9)
10. The Lost City, Gunther (10)

##### NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
3. Markings, Hammarskjöld (8)
4. The Italians, Harzin (3)
5. The Warren Commission Report (16)
6. The Kennedy Will, Adler (5)
7. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
8. Future of Man, De Chardin
9. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (9)
10. Four Days, I.P.I. and American Heritage (10)

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for the family  
that reads a  
newsmagazine**



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UNABRIDGED**

This Christmas treat your family to an inspiring gift that will be a source of pleasure for years to come.

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The first completely new unabridged in 29 years, Webster's Third New International Dictionary includes 100,000 new words and new meanings in its 450,000 entries. It is the final word authority of the U.S. Government Printing Office, of federal and state courts of law.

This Christmas give the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged for your family to use, explore, and enjoy. \$47.50 at leading department, book, and stationery stores. Compact India-paper editions slightly higher. © G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Massachusetts.

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You've had an accident in the middle of nowhere. Now what?

When you're under the Travelers insurance umbrella, you get help fast, when you need it, from 20,000 Travelers agents and claim people across the country.

Yet, Travelers rates for careful drivers are competitive with those of any other company. And if you use seat belts, The Travelers doubles your medical coverage,

in most states, at no extra cost.

Your Travelers agent or broker can also handle Life, Health and Homeowners Insurance. Knowing all your needs, he's sure nothing is overlooked and nothing is over-insured.

Find him in the Yellow Pages.

You can get all types of insurance under the Travelers umbrella.

**The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies**

**Meet a low-pressure salesman.  
Turn him loose on  
your communications problems!**



He's a Bell System Communications Consultant... a man with an unusual selling job, with unusual benefits for you.

When he calls on you, he'll have one objective: to learn how communications are (or aren't) helping you. So he'll offer to make a thorough study of your business operations, without cost or obligation on your part.

He'll do this because he must find a need for new communications before he can recommend them. He calls it "usage prospecting." Then he must be able to demonstrate clearly to you how new or improved services can save you time, reduce clerical detail, lower costs or otherwise sharpen your efficiency.

If he can't do this, you can send him on his way.


Doesn't it make good business sense to get together with this man... and take advantage of his analysis?

To arrange a meeting, just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for the services of a Communications Consultant.



**Bell System**

American Telephone and Telegraph Co.  
and Associated Companies

A man in a tuxedo and bow tie is smiling and holding a silver tray with two glasses of liquor. He is standing in a formal room with chandeliers and other guests in the background. In the foreground, a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon and two glasses are on a silver tray on a blue tablecloth.

Nothing else quite measures up

# Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 66.9 PROOF  
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, ILL.



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Why are National City Travelers Checks the best way to carry money anywhere? Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate these specific reasons: *ready availability...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability.* In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 directs you to thousands of U.S. refund points. There are thousands more abroad...and hotels there can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the bank that's first in world-wide banking, National City Travelers Checks cost just a penny per dollar.



## Test No. 1—Refundability—in Heidelberg

Businessman George W. Campbell of Casper, Wyoming made this test by actually burning \$1200 worth of National City Travelers Checks. He was directed by his hotel to a nearby Heidelberg bank where a full refund was promptly arranged. No red tape at all.



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## For past blessings . . . a time for gratitude

At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 20, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 21

## THE NATION

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### NATO's Dilemma

Of all the difficulties deferred until after the U.S. elections, none has greater implications for U.S. and free-world security than the strain within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Last week, in conferences with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, President Johnson discussed the NATO problem at length. McNamara also held long consultations in Washington with West Germany's visiting Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel: U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball was in Europe trying to sell the idea of a multilateral nuclear force (MLF), and former German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer injected himself back into the discussions with a visit to Charles de Gaulle to "try to clarify existing difficulties between France and Germany."

**Blame It on Charles.** While recognizing NATO's problems, U.S. officials have a distressing tendency to 1) place the responsibility for solutions on the European allies and 2) blame everything on De Gaulle. Thus, Rusk said, "when one talks about NATO needing reorganization, I am sure it is quite clear in the organization that the members of NATO would study with great seriousness any proposals made for

changing the organization." But, he added, "we haven't had those proposals." And he pointed the inevitable finger at France, saying: "We sometimes are puzzled by some of the things that we hear from a capital like Paris, when general expressions seem to have very little content in terms of specific ideas or specific proposals." This attitude is put more bluntly in the Pentagon, where a NATO specialist declares: "There is nothing wrong with NATO except Charles de Gaulle"—a view echoed by many U.S. cartoonists anxious to use their most savage pens (see cut).

All this amounts to a vast and dangerous oversimplification. To be sure, De Gaulle's blackball of Britain's proposed entry into the Common Market, his insistence upon developing his own nuclear force, his outright opposition to the U.S. plan for a multilateral nuclear force, his vision of a unified continental Europe dominated by France, all have been major irritants within the NATO alliance. Yet the full weight of NATO's problems cannot be justly heaped upon the unbending shoulders of De Gaulle.

**Points of Conflict.** The power relationships among the allies are not nearly so simple as when NATO was created in 1949. The U.S. then was not only the sole nuclear power but the overwhelming economic power. Most European nations were still rebuilding their war-shattered economies. In the practical terms of dollars and military capability, the U.S. was NATO and NATO was the U.S., and Europe was content to have it that way. Now, nearly all of Europe is thriving. Britain and France have a nuclear capability, however limited, of their own. West Germany yearns for the same. With growing independence, new tensions are natural.

At the same time, the Communist threat against Europe has eased, and so has some of the feeling of urgency that bound NATO together. NATO's defenders insist that this is due in large part to NATO's very effectiveness. In any event, the allies now feel freer to pursue narrower national interests.

Even on matters of basic strategy, there are points of obvious conflict. France, Italy and West Germany object to the U.S. emphasis upon "flexible response" if it means that NATO would not employ even tactical nuclear weapons against Communist aggression. Bonn understandably balks at any strat-



"WHY DO YOU AMERICANS STAY WHERE YOU'RE NOT WANTED?"

egy that places the Rhine as the point at which all-out retaliation would begin. Recent training exercises by French troops indicated that French generals are more interested in defending French territory than in meshing with NATO. And all the other allies shudder at the prospect of giving quarreling NATO members Greece and Turkey any sort of access to any sort of nuclear weapons.

So far, the only specific proposal to ease NATO tensions is the U.S.'s MLF concept of a 25-vessel fleet of Polaris-missile-equipped merchant ships, manned by mixed crews from NATO nations. This is aimed at reducing the resentment of the allies against U.S. veto power over the use of nuclear weapons and at checking the proliferation of such weapons. The MLF missiles would cover Communist airfields and medium-range missile sites that now threaten Central Europe.

In trying to sell MLF, George Ball offers it as only a first step toward greater nuclear cooperation, concedes that the issue of who would control the firing of missiles in such a mixed force must still be resolved, professes willingness to listen to any modifications of the whole idea. Actually, only West Germany seems at all enthusiastic about MLF, and even the Germans are caught in crossfire from De Gaulle, who hints at breaking off his recent agreement to cooperate and consult with Bonn on



VON HASSEL & McNAMARA IN WASHINGTON  
Some fundamental changes.

foreign policy, defense and cultural affairs if the Germans join M.I.F.

Whatever the fate of M.I.F. it is obviously no complete answer to NATO's problems. Those problems arise from fundamental changes in allied relationships. As such, they require some fundamental rethinking about the NATO edifice—and what Europe should be.

### Going It Alone

A quarter-spin around the globe from NATO's Europe lies another deferred problem. Viet Nam is not an area in which the U.S. must either deal with allies or depend on them. If there is to be a solution in Viet Nam, the U.S. must pretty much go it alone.

Emerging from his Texas talk with President Johnson last week, Defense Secretary McNamara purported to see some light on the horizon. "At last," he said, "we have a civilian government, a government that gives some indication of being able to develop a consensus among the hard groups in the nation and move the nation ahead to a more effective response to the Viet Cong guerrillas who are attacking and harassing the people . . . So I think that today, compared to a month ago, we can look forward with greater confidence."

As McNamara must have known, all this begged the fact that the last previous civilian South Viet Nam government, that of Ngo Dinh Diem, was overthrown by a military junta with at least the tacit connivance of the U.S., that the new government is the shakiest anywhere in the world, that militarily the South Viet Nam war has been going from worse to worst, and that any expression of optimism was pure whistling in the dark.

**How to Do It?** As late as last May, before the U.S. political campaign really got under way, the U.S. had at least



WITH LADY BIRD ON GOLF CART  
A few anxious moments.

four options as to what to do about Viet Nam. They were: 1) to follow the advice of such men as Charles de Gaulle and join in a scheme to neutralize the war-torn area, 2) to expand the war and win it, 3) to get out, or 4) to muddle along as before, at least until after the election.

President Johnson took the fourth choice. But now that the election is over the U.S. cannot keep on muddling along, and the success-filled Communists are not likely to settle for any sort of meaningful neutralization. That leaves two alternatives: win or get out.

Getting out would be a horrifying political humiliation, particularly since President Johnson said time and again during his campaign that the U.S. would never desert its friends in Southeast Asia. And that would seem to leave just one choice: winning.

But how to do it? The President has ordered all the involved agencies of government—the State Department, the Pentagon, the CIA, USAID and AID to review and re-form each of their plans for dealing with Viet Nam. Some old ideas have been newly advanced. The most obvious answer is to extend the war to North Viet Nam with bombing raids and stepped-up guerrilla attacks. But the Administration is most reluctant to make such a move, fearing that it would bring the U.S. into a dangerously real confrontation with Red China.

**Nibbling at the Edges.** Thus, under apparently more favorable consideration are such notions as launching air strikes against the Laotian section of the Ho Chi Minh trail from North Viet Nam or pressuring Cambodia, which serves as a sanctuary for Viet Cong raiders, by cutting off Cambodian shipping that moves down the Mekong River through South Viet Nam to the sea. "We shall start," said a high State Department official, "by nibbling around at the edges."

Nibbling around the edges has been largely a Communist tactic in Asia, and so far it has won only for them and not for the West.

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### Along Friendship Walk

Around the L.B.J. ranch, folks stroll along "Friendship Walks." They are paths of cement squares inscribed with the signatures of the rich and the famous who have caught the President's fancy on visits to the 400-acre spread. The walk, a sort of presidential version of Grauman's Chinese Theater forecourt, already includes the names of John Kennedy, all seven original U.S. astronauts, and Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Last week, in a favorite ranch ritual, Lyndon added two new ones as Mexico's President-elect Gustavo Diaz Ordaz and Wife Guadalupe stooped to etch their signatures with nails in the fresh cement.

The purpose of the Diaz Ordaz visit



L.B.J. GREETING DIAZ ORDAZ  
A new name underfoot.

was a round of private talks with Johnson on trade, migrant labor, the Alliance for Progress, and the like. But before they began, the Mexicans found out how extensive L.B.J. hospitality can be. Lyndon jockeyed out to meet the Diaz Ordaz plane on the asphalt runway behind the ranch house in his electric golf cart, the same one in which he gave Lady Bird a few anxious moments careening around the grounds the next day (*see cut*). Diaz Ordaz was ready for him, and with a grin even broader than the President's own, wrapped Lyndon in a bear-hug Mexican *abrazo* while his wife planted a kiss on Lady Bird's cheek.

Through dinner and showtime, President Johnson was in one of his most ebullient moods. He cringed in mock terror as Spanish Dancer Mary Moore cracked a bull whip over his head. When Star Attraction Eddie Fisher got fouled up in his microphone while crooning his way among the tables, it was Lyndon who rushed to the rescue and untangled him. Then, just in case someone might think that Rancher Johnson had gone too citted in his ways, the show wound up with a demonstration of sheepherding by a band of hill-country cowboys.

### THE ADMINISTRATION

#### A Tough Act to Follow

To the L.B.J. ranch from London last week came a telephone call for President Johnson. The caller was Walter Heller, 49, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who was reporting in after a Paris meeting of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. During their conversation, the President asked whether Heller would reconsider

his decision to leave the Government. The answer was still no.

Months ago, Heller had decided to return to the University of Minnesota's economics department, where he was when Hubert Humphrey brought him to Washington in 1960 to meet newly elected John Kennedy. Heller delayed his departure until after the election, but now he was determined to go.

To succeed him, Johnson named Gardner Ackley, 49, a former University of Michigan economics professor who has been a member of the Council of Economic Advisers since 1962. To fill the vacancy left by Ackley's move up, Johnson picked Arthur Okun, a Yale economist and since 1961 a CEA staff member.

In with Influence, Heller's will be a tough act to follow. He was certainly the most influential chairman in CEA history, and probably had the presidential ear as exclusively as any other single economist in U.S. history. It was Heller who, over the initial objections of Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, successfully argued President Kennedy into backing a tax cut. And it was Heller who in effect changed the nation's economic course by winning first Kennedy, then Johnson, over to the philosophy of deficit spending as a stimulant for a sluggish economy.

If anything, Johnson embraced Heller's beliefs even more aggressively than Kennedy. He has already assigned a task force to study a Heller scheme to turn over a fixed amount of federal income-tax money to states and localities to keep the boom booming. This would mean taking money from upper-income groups and states and giving it to poorer ones, and while that plan may never come to pass, it is indicative of the economic line fathered by Heller.

**Out While Ahead.** But Ackley is every bit as activist and liberal as Heller. He is recognized as the CEA's expert on domestic monetary policy, was one of the leaders in urging Kennedy to attack the balance-of-payments deficit by imposing an interest equalization tax. He can be expected to fight for the maintenance of present wage-price guidelines, work for continued easy credit, try to devise new means of reducing unemployment, and in general follow the blueprint of his predecessor. But he is cautious about predictions and somewhat wary about his promotion. "Walter had enough sense to get out while he was ahead," he says.

### Crisis in Staffmanship

If all the top White House staffers who have, in the last few weeks, expressed publicly or privately their desire to get out, actually do resign, there will be only one left. That will be McGeorge Bundy, Special Assistant for National Security, who obviously figures that if he hangs around long enough he will get Dean Rusk's job. As for the others:

► Larry O'Brien and Kenny O'Donnell,

the last of Kennedy's Irish Mafia, served Lyndon loyally and effectively during the campaign but have quitting on their minds.

► Bill Moyers, 30-year-old lay preacher who took over as staff supervisor after the enforced leave-taking of Walter Jenkins (who, it was reported last week, is out of the hospital and feeling much "improved" at home), suffers from bleeding ulcers, is anxious to get back to the Peace Corps job he once held.

► Jack Valenti, the Man Friday most often seen whispering into Lyndon's ear, has confessed that he would like to get back to Texas to make some money.

► George Reedy, press secretary, seemed about to fall apart trying to keep up with Johnson in the final days of the campaign. Reedy would like to stay on but not at the breakneck pace of the past few months.

► Horace Busby, speechwriter, makes

## THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

### Hubert's Holiday

Just before Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey left for his post-election vacation in the Virgin Islands, he taped a television interview during which he discussed the exhausting length of the U.S. presidential race. "What we really find ourselves doing with these long, extended campaigns of two and three months is replaying old material," said Hubert. "Therefore I think that you tend to become tired, the public becomes a little tired."

But even on vacation, Hubert acted as if he wouldn't really mind if the campaign went on twelve months a year. His Caribbean plane had barely set down at St. Thomas Island's airport when Humphrey burst past his Secret Service guards and began grabbing hands in the enthusiastic crowd. He made a



HUMPHREY & SON AFTER THE CATCH

The juices kept flowing.

few bones about his intention to return to private life.

► Richard Goodwin, speechwriter and general idea projectionist, was a Kennedy discovery. But at 32, Goodwin is a young man in a hurry, and he has a highly developed sense of his own importance. Goodwin is still smarting at Lyndon's recent insistence that he, the President, writes every word of his own speeches.

And so it goes. Some of these men will, under Johnson's blandishments, change their minds. But more important is the fact that Johnson has no knack for getting or keeping good staffers around him. Last week he called on Washington lawyer Clark Clifford, who helped Harry Truman and Jack Kennedy in the White House, for advice and assistance on the staff situation.

speech, then went with his family to Laurence Rockefeller's beach house at Caneel Bay Plantation, a resort on St. John Island. There, he changed into shorts, sports shirt and straw hat.

He looked enormously relaxed, but he still couldn't quite turn off the campaign juices. During a shopping trip to Charlotte Amalie, he bought a can of salted nuts, a tax-free wrist watch—and strode up and down the streets all but searching for more hands to shake. He went deep-sea fishing, boated a 6-ft. 6-in. sailfish, posed afterward for bare-chested photographs with his son Bob, 20. To prove his prowess, Hubert proudly flexed his biceps too.

Thus, as tired of campaigning as he—and the public—might have been, Hubert on a holiday turned out to be little different from Hubert on the hustings.



IDAHO'S SMYLIE  
Talk it over.

## REPUBLICANS

### Only 725 Days

Vacationing in Jamaica's Montego Bay last week, Barry Goldwater and his top lieutenants engaged in what G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch described as "mopping-up operations." Many Republicans were wondering, however, just what was left to mop up.

**Traitors & Scalawags.** In their prolonged post-mortem on the 1964 election, most Republicans could agree to the fact that it had been an awful show. Beyond that, there was static from all parts of the party. Cried Actor Ronald Reagan, co-chairman of California's Citizens for Goldwater and an early-form pick among right-wingers for the state's 1966 gubernatorial nomination: "We don't intend to turn the Republican Party over to the traitors in the battle just ended." Between rounds of golf, Goldwater himself took time out to lambast such middle-riding Republicans as Governors Nelson Rockefeller of New



PENNSYLVANIA'S SCOTT  
Throw them out.

York and George Romney of Michigan and Senators Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and Thomas Kuchel of California as "so-called Republicans." Barry suggested that "the time has come for a real realignment of the parties," naming them "liberal and conservative," not "Democratic and Republican."

South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond, whose recent bolt to the G.O.P. probably saddened more Republicans than it did Democrats, voiced the hope that the G.O.P. "eventually will become the conservative party in the nation, in spite of Rockefeller and his ilk." If not, added Thurmond, whose losing Dixiecrat defection from the Democratic Party in 1948 had apparently taught him nothing, "then some other party would have to arise."

If Thurmond was anxious to drum the liberals out of the party, some liberals and moderates were equally eager for a purge of ultraconservatives. Senator Scott, who barely survived the Johnson landslide in his bid for re-election, insisted that "Southern scalawags" and the "hard-core radical right" be thrown out of the G.O.P. "The present party leadership," he said, "must be replaced—all of it." Some moderates were upset over reports that the G.O.P. had wound up the 1964 campaign with a \$1,200,000 surplus instead of the usual deficit, suggested that the money was withheld to strengthen Goldwater's grip on the party.

Trying hard to make themselves heard above all the noise, a few Republicans sensibly pleaded for unity. "We're not going to improve our situation by cutting each other up," said Iowa's Senator Jack Miller. Washington's Governor-elect Daniel J. Evans, a 39-year-old engineer who upset two-term Democrat Albert Rosellini, urged the party to "reconstruct our framework in terms that will encompass a variety of opinion." Former Vice President Richard Nixon, who had reinstituted himself as the favorite target of some cartoonists by attacks on his fellow moderate Nelson Rockefeller, now called for a centrist leadership that would make enough room for both liberals and conservatives—but not for "the nut" left or the "nut" right. In case anybody was wondering who might qualify as a centrist leader, Nixon pointed out: "I'm perhaps at dead center."

**A New Unity.** Almost submerged in the bickering over the party leadership was an even more important question. What were the party's goals to be? From Maine's Governor John Reed, a moderate, came a reminder that while Barry Goldwater was overwhelmingly rejected at the polls, it would be unwise to jettison everything that he stood for as well. "The emphasis which he placed on restraining the growth of big government, on the importance of moral standards, on strength in the face of the Communist menace, should not go unheeded," said Reed at the Yale Political Union. What was really wrong with Goldwater's candidacy, he added, was

that he and his aides "lacked the ability to compromise when party unity was so essential."

A host of plans are in the works to fashion a new unity. The 17 G.O.P. Governors and Governors-elect may meet next month to establish a new leadership agency that, in the words of Idaho's Robert Smylie, chairman of the Republican Governors Association, would combine the features of "a formal convention and a continuous council."

Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke, who holds the highest elective office ever attained by a Negro, called for a full-dress convention in 1965 to rewrite the party's conservative 1964 platform and to begin working toward the 1966 elections. Along the same lines, Wisconsin's Representative Melvin Laird, who ingratiated himself



BARRY IN JAMAICA  
Mop it up.

with the Goldwaters by keeping the Platform Committee in line at San Francisco but remains acceptable to most G.O.P. moderates, called for the formation of a broad-based "collective leadership" to fill "the vacuum" that now exists.

**Motion & Emotion.** Where would all the frantic motion and emotion lead? For the time being, probably nowhere—and as far as the G.O.P. is concerned, that is just as well. "The blood is still too hot and we're still too close to the disaster" to make any major changes, said Nixon. "The first of the year would be the time to decide." Inasmuch as any hasty purges would leave scars that the G.O.P. can scarcely endure in its present battered condition, Nixon has a point.

At the moment, the loudest cries are for the scalp of National Chairman Burch as a symbol of the Goldwater candidacy. Barry says he will fight to keep Burch, who is supposed to serve



until after the 1968 convention. But the National Committee is tentatively scheduled to meet in Chicago on Jan. 10, and several members are expected to call for a no-confidence vote at that time.

Whether Burch survives the vote or is forced out, the fact is that the party cannot afford to waste too much time. For the G.O.P., 1966 is a must year, with elections for a new House, one third of the Senate, and governorships in such key states as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and California. And 1966 is not all that far off. Said Idaho's Smylie last week, doing some quick computing: "That's in 725 days."

## LABOR

### "But I Love You"

Every inch the husky, handsome, silver-haired leader type, United Steelworkers President David McDonald stood before 900 workers in Midland, Pa., and presented his case for reelection. He wanted a new term, he said, "not for personal pride, but because I love you. I can only say I'm heart sick over what has happened."

McDonald, 62, has ample cause to be sick of heart: after twelve years as head of the union dealing with the nation's most basic industry, he is, by every present standard, a less than even choice to retain his job in the elections to be held next Feb. 9. McDonald is, in fact, confronted by a rank-and-file revolt, and beneath a multitude of more formal complaints festers the grievance of the men in the mills that their president is not one of them and does not really care about them.

To many of the fire-eating unionists of the open-hearth and blast furnaces, McDonald has been suspect from the start. A college graduate (Carnegie Tech, '32) who once aspired to a career in the theater, he was a mill clerk when he attracted the attention of the union's founding president, Philip Murray, with his organizational talents. Murray selected McDonald as secretary-treasurer of the union in 1942, made it clear that McDonald was his heir apparent. When Murray died in 1952, McDonald stepped almost automatically into the presidency.

**The Good Life.** His control was shaky from the start. He moved into an American locomotive Co. strike early in 1953, negotiated a private settlement with the firm's president—and saw his own strike committee promptly repudiate the agreement. He further alienated the rank and file by successfully backing a crony, without significant mill experi-

—A strikingly similar situation developed after Tom Dewey's 1948 defeat. With an anti-union coalition of Taft and Stassen forces denouncing him as "a symbol of Dewey misrule" and demanding his departure, then National Chairman Hugh Scott called a meeting of the committee in Omaha, Neb., in January 1949. As Scott laughingly recalls it, he deliberately chose an inconvenient site in hopes of reducing attendance. His strategy seemed to work; for he survived a confidence vote by a four-vote margin. But six months later, he resigned.

ence, for a union vice-presidency in 1955 against the candidacy of the Buffalo district's rough-hewn Irish leader, Joseph P. Molony. The extent of the Steelworkers' restlessness was demonstrated in 1957 when Donald Rarick, a relatively unknown Irwin, Pa., local leader, protesting a union dues hike, ran against McDonald for president, polled 223,516 votes to McDonald's 404,172.

Instead of seeking rapport with his members, McDonald grew increasingly aloof. He golfed with steel executives, used his \$50,000 salary (he also gets a generous expense account) to patronize nightclubs from Manhattan to Los Angeles and in many other ways enjoy the good life. In addition to his seven-room fieldstone home in a Pittsburgh suburb, he bought a second house in Palm Springs, and spent much of his time there.

High living by union leaders is a com-

mon complaint among rank and file these days (see U.S. BUSINESS). Yet anti-McDonald Steelworkers peg their campaign more formally to the charge that he has neglected the problems of the union's 2,600 locals. While overall wage patterns and working conditions are negotiated in union contracts with the big steel companies, locals are bound by no-strike pledges in arguing local grievances—and the grievance machinery has completely bogged down. It takes three years for some such cases to be resolved. Instead of working to soothe such gripes himself, McDonald has been in the habit of sending out his competent, hard-working secretary-treasurer, I. (for Iorworth, a name of Welsh derivation) W. (for Wilbur) Abel, 56.

**Out of the Show.** McDonald's loss of popularity has become "Abe" Abel's gain. "McDonald has been moving away from us for years," growls the union's Milwaukee district director, Walter J. Burke. "McDonald has attended one district conference and come to Milwaukee one other time for

the dedication of a union hall. Abel's been here 30 times or more. Abel's name is a legend among the members. He eats with them, talks with them and knows their problems." Complains the Chicago-Gary area's Director Joseph Germano, head of the Steelworkers' biggest (128,000) district and a long-time loyal McDonald friend, who last week announced his support of Abel: "Our people are just not part of the show any more. They don't feel like hanging around lobbies waiting for news. Abel has always been willing to meet with the people. McDonald hasn't been available."

Abel, who occupies an office just 20 paces away from McDonald's at Steelworkers headquarters in Pittsburgh, is a one-time Canton, Ohio, mill hand and foundry worker who was one of the union's first organizers in 1936. Easy-going and modest, he was pulled to the



STEELWORKERS' ABEL & McDONALD  
Only 20 paces away, but so far apart.

top by Murray and has worked willingly for the flashier McDonald ever since 1953. Abel's decision to challenge McDonald represents a big personal gamble. He could have ridden out four more years in his present job and retired at \$17,500 (half of his \$35,000 salary) a year for life. If he loses, he will be out of a job.

Although the dissidents claim that a majority of the union's 30 district directors are with them, Abel's main strength lies in the Midwest, where Germano and Burke lead younger Steelworkers who are more interested in wage increases than in McDonald's emphasis upon "total job security."

**Logic & Reason.** Yet Dave McDonald can muster some strong arguments in his fight for survival. Although he has not negotiated a general wage increase since 1959, Steelworkers draw an average \$3.70 an hour, plus 67¢ hourly in fringe benefits—one of the highest rates in manufacturing. McDonald held out stubbornly against company demands for greater author-

ity over local working conditions in the record-breaking 116-day nationwide steel strike in 1959, emerged with a healthy wage hike too. He pioneered the labor-management Human Relations Committee, an approach to bargaining that other industries are studying. He recently won a 13-week sabbatical, or vacation with pay, once every five years for all hourly workers in the top half of the seniority ranks at each steel company.

McDonald turns angry at charges that he leads too soft a life, particularly in Palm Springs. "I have a perfect right as a citizen to invest in a



FEIN & WIFE

piece of property anywhere," he declares. As for Steelworkers' complaints that he is not tough enough in bargaining any more, McDonald has a ready reply. "I've never seen anybody get a labor contract yet by pounding the table," he says. "You get it by the use of logic and reason and arbitration and by no other way."

Such reasonable talk may be deceptive. For with a power struggle going on within the union, there is little doubt that both Dave McDonald and the Afler faction will lead the Steelworkers into new militancy at the bargaining table when contract negotiations reopen this winter.

## CRIME

### The Madam's Mark

Poets are fond of saying that life imitates art—but does it have to imitate television? The fact that it doesn't is perhaps the reason that 32-year-old Mark Fein last week was on trial for his life.

As the prosecution told it, Fein shot his bookmaker to death in October,

1963, to avoid paying off a \$23,890 World Series bet on the New York Yankees, stuffed his body into a trunk, and persuaded a bosomy, redheaded prostitute named Gloria Kendal to dump the trunk in the Harlem River for him. Somehow, the body floated clear, and when it was discovered a month after the murder, Gloria phoned Fein in a snit. "Don't you ever watch TV?" she asked him. "Didn't you ever hear of cement?"

**\$2,000 Tab.** If Fein had no weakness for television, he had a couple of others to make up for it. As president of his father's thriving tin-can and cardboard-box business, he seemed to have everything he needed—the best clothes, a sleek, white Lincoln Continental, an eight-room Park Avenue apartment in



WITNESS KENDAL

After vodka, a glimpse of Ruby.

which he maintained his attractive wife, Nancy, and their three children. But Fein, slender, bespectacled and Milquetoast-mild in appearance, frittered away a small fortune on a pair of extracurricular pursuits—gambling and Gloria Kendal. In her 37 years, the last 16 of them spent as a prostitute and a madam, Gloria has been known by at least 13 other proper names and by any number of improper ones. Whatever her name, Fein certainly did like her game. According to the prosecution, he spent up to \$700 a month "in return for the sexual favors rendered by Gloria and her girls," once ran up a \$2,000 tab before paying it up.

Despite Fein's lucrative patronage, Gloria turned up last week as the star witness against him. On the stand in Room 1313 of Manhattan's Criminal Courthouse, she was a symphony of colors and curves, all sharps and no flats. One day she sported a clinging lavender suit, another a fuchsia sheath that kept the all-male jury wide-awake.

In her testimony, Gloria described in an incongruously little-girlish voice how Mark Fein had phoned her Oct. 10 in an obviously agitated state. He asked her to hurry over to the secret, \$178-a-month apartment he maintained on East 63rd Street under the name Weissman to pursue his many outside interests. "I walked in and there was a big trunk in the middle of the living

room," said Gloria. "What do you think is in the trunk?" she quoted Fein as asking. She said she did not know, and he told her: "It's the body of a dead man, my bookmaker, Ruby."

**Thump, Splash.** Reuben ("Ruby the Bookie") Markowitz was a fortyish Brooklynite known to his more naive acquaintances as a \$90-a-week grocery clerk. But Fein knew better. Gloria quoted Fein as saying: "I had to meet him this afternoon to pay him the money I lost on the World Series. I met him at 4 o'clock. He came up here. We were talking. We had words and I shot him. Please, Gloria, help me. You're the only one. There is nobody else I can turn to. I can't call my family or friends."

Fein asked her to help him dispose of the trunk. "I took a good drink of straight vodka, and then asked him was he sure the man was dead," Gloria testified. "Gloria, he's stone-cold dead," she quoted Fein. "He lifted the lid of the trunk and I saw part of an arm. I said, 'Spare me the gory details.'" Added Gloria: "I just wanted to be assured that I was not getting rid of a trunk with a live body in it."

Fein asked Gloria to get a friend to help. "Why call a friend?" she demanded. "I'm strong." "But Gloria," protested Fein, "the trunk is very heavy." Gloria called two friends—Geri Boxer, 22, who described herself as a copywriter with a psychology degree from Fairleigh Dickinson University, and David Brondy, 32, a onetime cubbie and hairdresser. Gloria then sent Fein home "because he was in pretty bad shape," drove to the Harlem River with the others and pushed the trunk in. "There was a thump and a splash," she said. When the body surfaced, there was an even bigger splash.

**"I Should Say No!"** Gloria's two friends corroborated parts of her story, but not all of it. Geri Boxer, who said she became friendly with Gloria because she is "accomplished in a lot of respects a college girl wouldn't be," said she helped dump the trunk but did not know what was in it. Brondy said Fein told him that someone else had shot the bookie.

After Gloria put in two days on the stand for the prosecution, Defense Attorney William Kleinman had a go at her. "You cannot decide this case," he had warned the jury, "until you've probed very deeply into Gloria Kendal and her friends." Kleinman got her to admit that she had continued to ply her trade during two marriages, that she had once had "a romantic attachment with a female," that she had given at least two accounts of the shooting, at one point denied to police that Fein had ever admitted shooting Ruby. But Gloria seemed rattled only when Kleinman, interested in how much she charged for her services, asked: "Your price was not \$5?" Replied Gloria in a perturbed huff: "I should say not!"

At week's end Kleinman finished his cross-examination: the trial was expected to go on for another week or more.

# THE HEMISPHERE



FREI  
Back from ruin.

## CHILE

### And Now to Toil

The red, white and blue inaugural hunting was down from the lamp posts and buildings throughout Santiago, and the distinguished visitors had returned home to such faraway places as Ghana and Senegal. Last week Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei, 53, Chile's newly-installed president by virtue of a resounding victory over Communist-backed Salvador Allende, called his first Cabinet meeting and got down to the toil of pulling his country back from the cliff edge of financial ruin.

Frei (pronounced *frei*) had no illusions. "The facts cannot be cloaked," he said. Chile's foreign debt is \$2.3 billion, with amortization and interest alone swallowing 50% of export earnings. Gold and dollar reserves are down to a scant \$160 million. And then there is inflation. "My great enemy," groans Frei. "From last November to this November it climbed 47%. This cannot go on."

To cure the ills, the tall, scholarly Frei has more than a few ideas. Among them in the hard-planning stage: doubling Chile's 630,000-ton annual copper production in six years, vastly expanding the hesitant land reform program begun by his predecessor Jorge Alessandri, building such resources as pulp-yielding trees and the fishing potential of Chile's endless coastline. To help him, the new president has put together one of Latin America's most competent cabinets, drawing men from the top ranks of the professions, business, labor and government.

"What we need is time," Frei begs. The big U.S. copper companies in Chile seem to agree, are talking about paying their 1965 taxes in advance. Even before his inauguration, Frei sent two top aides, Senator Radomiro Tomic and

Foreign Minister Gabriel Valdés, to Washington to ask that Chile be permitted to reschedule and delay upcoming heavy payments on her \$350 million debt to the U.S. Chances that the request will be granted are good.

After winning 56% of the vote, Frei has a clear mandate for reform. His problem will be Chile's contentious Congress. Frei's Christian Democrats hold only 32 of 192 seats. New congressional elections are scheduled for March, and by then the President hopes his legislative programs will have won the public support necessary to gain a majority.

## BRAZIL

### The Early Bird

The convention hall in São Paulo rocked to thunderous chants of "Lacer-da! Lacer-da!" Brazil's revolution was only six months old, and new presidential elections are not scheduled until Nov. 3, 1966. But Carlos Lacerda, 50, the mercurial Governor of Guanabara (Rio) State, is off and running full tilt for the presidency. Accepting the unanimous nomination of his National Democratic Union, Lacerda immediately boarded a campaign "Train of Hope" for a whistle-stop tour of 18 towns, standing on the back platform and fervently promising "a land of tranquility, a government which functions without fear of demagoguery, without fear of dictators."

Brazilians know Lacerda as a politician in perpetual motion, the man whose unceasing attacks forced Jânio Quadros to resign and focused opposition on his successor, the Leftist João Goulart. He is a hard man to feel neutral about. In blazing headlines around the country, pro-Lacerda papers took up the cudgels for his "most noble civic and moral propositions." Anti-Lacerda papers vilified him as a "murderer" and "torturer." As he neared Rio last week, political enemies narrowly missed in an attempt to dynamite his train. Brazil's three other major political parties hastily announced plans to nominate their own candidates for 1966 to combat Lacerda.

Even while they were scrambling to catch up, Lacerda went spiraling on, flew to Manhattan for a *Reader's Digest* luncheon in his honor. "We shall never present a bill for the services Brazil rendered to all peoples in destroying a Communist occupation," he said of the revolution. However, it would be helpful if the U.S. would underwrite Brazil's currency by "the immediate creation of a fund to aid our effort against inflation," and also "would accept paying a better price for coffee." Suggestions like that store up political treasure back home for campaigning Carlos Lacerda.

## BOLIVIA

### "State of Anarchy"

"So far as we can see," said a foreign diplomat in La Paz, "we are living in a state of anarchy." One week after President Victor Paz Estenssoro had been toppled by a military uprising, about the only thing General René Barrientos and his junta of colonels had proved was that it is easier to foment a revolution than to run a government.

Rioters had opened the jails, spilling hundreds of criminals onto the streets. A mob ransacked Paz Estenssoro's home so completely that even the toilets were carried away. The stories circulating about the ex-President verged on the ludicrous, among them that he had stolen four times the national budget in U.S. aid funds.

In the wake of it all, Barrientos seemed at a loss about what to do, or even where to start. He kept repeating his democratic ideals and desires for economic stability. "Bolivia," he insisted, "must keep particularly close relations with the U.S." He talked about disarming both the peasant militia of Paz Estenssoro and the militant miners of Leftist Juan Lechin to avoid further trouble. Yet he allowed Lechin to grab control of all the country's most important unions, bowed even further by promising the unions joint control with management in running the nationalized tin mines. In the past when the miners had such a voice, they feather-bedded costs so high that Bolivia was no longer able to export tin at a profit.

In alarm, Washington suspended the U.S. aid program, which has pumped more than \$300 million into Bolivia since 1952. The U.S. also purposefully delayed recognizing the new regime, though most observers felt that U.S. recognition was bound to come eventually.



LECHIN  
Up from the mines.

# THE WORLD

## JAPAN

### Toward Leadership

Propped up in bed in a Tokyo hospital, retiring Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, recovering from a throat tumor, took up writing brush and rice paper. At the plea of his hopelessly deadlocked party, he stroked off a note choosing his own successor. Two hours later, Eisaku Sato, 63, the dynamo of five former Cabinets, became the tenth Prime Minister of postwar Japan—and, all but inevitably, a man destined to guide his nation along a new course, for, after 19 years of penance, Asia's only fully industrialized country seems about to reclaim its place as a world power. Said Sato in his first nationwide television address as Premier: "Japan's international voice has been too small." How would it be made louder?

**Natural Place.** Obviously the Japanese no longer dream of empire or of the tyrannical "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" that led them to war. But Japan wants gradually to free itself of its dependence on the U.S. and take a role in the free world's fight for peace. Thanks to Ikeda, it is already quietly giving \$600 million a year in aid to underdeveloped nations, and this summer pledged more if necessary. It would like a permanent seat on the U.N. Security Council. Its government has been considering offering Japanese troops as a permanent U.N. security force. It would like to be given a free hand with its giant cultural cousin, Red

China, both to win a place in the potentially enormous Chinese market and to try to conciliate between Peking and the West.

Washington sometimes seems nervous at the thought of a too independent Japan, which is bound to the U.S. in a protective—but also restrictive—mutual security treaty that runs through 1970. Actually, given the present dangerous unbalance in the Far East, nothing could be more advantageous to the U.S. than a strong Japan resuming its natural place as the economic and political leader of Asia.

To achieve this will not be easy. Japan has many elicits in Asia but few friends. Their fellow Asians consider the Japanese a strange hybrid of Oriental past and technological present. Despite Japan's impeccable—indeed, almost mouselike—postwar behavior, its very forward stride manages to recall to some the brutalities of industrialized Imperial Japan. Less than two months ago, Japan's proposal to send out its own peace corps was rebuffed unanimously in Asia—although it was welcomed in Africa.

**National Pride.** Above all, Japan itself is still ambivalent about playing a strong international role. By and large, the Japanese still dread the prospect of rearmament, which is the only means by which their great economic power can express itself as a political power. But amid unprecedented prosperity and new national pride, the Japanese are gradually beginning to understand the re-

N. AIZEN



PREMIER SATO

*Speaking with a bigger voice.*

sponsibilities that go with leadership. And they are learning that all great powers must somehow create an atmosphere in which they will be accepted as leaders.

Fortunately, no man is better prepared to create the atmosphere—and provide the leadership—than the new Premier. A career bureaucrat, Sato was one of the chief architects of Japan's miraculous industrial expansion. In the important ministry of trade and commerce he became one of the foremost exponents of Japan's increased international involvement. Although his rival for the premiership, Ichiro Kono, won worldwide acclaim as the top organizer most responsible for the success of the Tokyo Olympics, Sato really had the inside track. He has been Ikeda's heir apparent for more than four years—ever since his elder brother, Nobusuke Kishi, resigned in the wake of leftist riots that forced the cancellation of President Eisenhower's projected visit.

Ironically, Sato's first political crisis was a threatened wave of leftist riots in protest against another U.S. visitor—the nuclear submarine *Seadragon*, which called last week at the Sasebo naval base on the southern island of Kyushu. But Japan has come a long way from 1960. There were some nasty-looking demonstrations in Tokyo and elsewhere, whipped up by the Socialists and Zengakuren, the far-left student organization. Cops banged heads as fluttering banners inveighed against *Shosha no kuro fune*—the Black Ship of the Enlightenment Peace Era. But the left-wingers were divided and the people generally unimpressed by scare slogans about the dangers of nuclear radiation. Most Japanese calmly watched the arrival of the submarine on television. Sasebo itself was so quiet that *Seadragon's* crew took turns going shopping.

Who adopted his wife's maiden name, a common practice in Japan.



NUCLEAR SUB SEADRAGON AT SASEBO



POLICE COPING WITH DEMONSTRATOR  
*Learning about the uses of power.*



## AUSTRALIA

### Belated Shape-Up

"The risks in this corner of the world have increased," said Australia's Prime Minister Sir Robert Gordon Menzies, speaking of Southeast Asia and the South Pacific. He was putting it mildly. Moreover, in the entire "corner," the country perhaps least prepared to defend itself is Australia, whose Digger-hatted fighting men distinguished themselves in two world wars. In the past decade, Australia has enjoyed so much peace and prosperity that it has become known as the land without a crisis, and its defense structure shows it.

**Radar 9 to 5.** The speediest operational craft in the Australian air force are ten-year-old, subsonic F-86s, which are only slightly faster than modern jet airliners. The air force is even short of grease monkeys, must farm out repairs to private mechanics. Australia's combat fleet consists of 14 antiquated vessels—the aircraft carrier *Melbourne*, three destroyers (there were four until the *Melbourne* accidentally sliced one in half last February), and a handful of frigates and minesweepers. The northern port of Darwin is garrisoned by only 150 troops; its coastal guns have been dismantled and sold to Japan as scrap; Darwin has no anti-aircraft batteries, and until last month the single radar station operated from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays through Fridays only.

With the increasingly gloomy outlook in the South Viet Nam war, the Indonesian raids on Malaysia, not to mention the Red Chinese bomb, something obviously had to be done. The most immediate worry: Indonesia (pop. 100 million), with which Australia shares a jungled border on the island of New Guinea; since Australian troops are helping to fight Indonesian infiltrators in Malaysia, Sukarno could easily retaliate by sending infiltrators into Australian-controlled New Guinea.

Prime Minister Menzies' government has tried to shape up defenses. Standing by its Commonwealth and SEATO commitments, Australia reinforced its expeditionary force in Malaysia, increased the number of Australian military advisers in South Viet Nam to 60. To bolster home defenses, the government ordered 100 supersonic Mirage jets from France and 24 TF-72 now known as the F-111A fighter-bombers from the U.S., plus three U.S.-made missile-firing destroyers and four British Oberon submarines. Last week Menzies carried the beef-up further, announced the reinstatement of the draft, which had been dropped in 1959.

**Tier for Protection.** Under the new draft, young men will register upon reaching age 20, serve two years of active duty. The first 4,200 are to be inducted during the latter half of 1965, after which inductions will continue at the rate of 6,900 men a year—which will increase army manpower from 22,750 at present to 37,500 by 1966.

There are to be more equipment re-

finements, and two new airbases will be constructed—one in New Guinea; several other strips will be renovated across Australia's northern tier. The buildup will cost nearly \$500 million over the most recent defense commitments for the next three years. But the new measures, which will take years to implement, are being criticized as too little too late. Said Arthur Calwell, leader of the Labor Opposition and longtime critic of the government's military policies: "It's taken the government 14 years to discover that Australia is defenseless."

## COMMUNISTS

### They Are Talking

Somehow or other, Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai could not bring himself to leave Moscow. Perhaps it was the tonic weather—snow flurries and freezing temperatures. Maybe it was the charm of his hosts, burr-browed

Chinese hydroelectric project, would soon be delivered; *Izvestia* ran a photo of a Russian engineer supervising propelling North Koreans building a technical school.

Russia and China evidently also agreed to stop calling each other dirty names. B. & K. even began patching up relations with Albania. Red China's vociferous ally in Europe, whose propagandists have called Khrushchev's followers "veritable criminals and sinister schemers," Radio Moscow beamed a message of good will to Tirana, praising Albania's "sovereignty and position in the world" and reiterating faith in the Soviet Union's "sublime internationalist duty" of aiding all fraternal parties. But the Albanians, cocky as always, refused to end their "open ideological war" on Khrushchevian revisionism.

**Worry Hope.** Western observers watched hawklike for signs of uncorridiality between the Russians and their



"AH WELL, THAT'S SHOW BUSINESS!"

Leonid Brezhnev and cozy, endearing Aleksei Kosygin. More probably, Chou, who was cloistered with B. & K. at least once a day for most of last week, felt he was getting somewhere with his Russian adversaries—not fast but last enough. After all, Peking's great enemy, Nikita Khrushchev, had been sacrificed; now both sides could make at least limited concessions.

**Taken Aid.** According to rumors filtering out of the Kremlin sessions, Chou had finally agreed to a conference of Communist parties. But the meeting, originally called by Khrushchev for Dec. 15, would now not take place until next spring, after a series of preliminary talks between Russian and Chinese ideologues. And instead of reading Peking out of the Communist movement, as Khrushchev had intended, the conclave will undoubtedly focus on restoring Red unity.

In return for the Chinese agreement to attend the meeting, however modified, there seemed to be at least token resumption of Russian aid to the Chinese. Tass reported that a 20,000-kw. turbine, built by the Russians for a

Chinese visitor; naturally there were some, and the conclusion was widespread that the talks had "failed." Actually, after years of bitterness, they could hardly have "succeeded" in one week, and the significant fact remains that they took place at all.

The basic differences between Russia and Red China certainly could not be talked away, as a Pravda editorial on the day of Chou's departure indicated. Said Pravda: "The Soviet Union is firmly against all plans designed to heat up the international atmosphere." Clearly, Moscow was not ready to buy Peking's hard line—at least for the moment. But by the time Chou finished his long goodbye and flew home to Peking, a Sino-Soviet dialogue had been established for the first time in 16 months. The olive branch had been offered to all warring parties in the Communist movement, and the acute embarrassment brought about by Khrushchev's boorish intransigence had been transmuted into a glow of wary hope. How healing this might be for Communist prestige with the "nonaligned" was illustrated by the report that Algeria's



Ben Bella had been driven to the brink of a nervous breakdown by the necessity of choosing between Moscow and Peking. Such emotional disturbances should at least be eased by Chou's visit.

## POLAND

### A Symptom

The heavy-set man in a neatly pressed blue suit and beret stepped out of Warsaw's shabby district court at 127 General Swierczewski Street into a welcoming crowd of 300, mostly writers and students. They surrounded the old man and patted him on the back. Two girls embraced him and handed him red roses. Said he: "All the nice people seem to be here." Melchior Wankowicz, 72, one of Poland's most popular novelists, had just been convicted by the not-so-nice people in courtroom No. 16 of "slandering the People's Republic of Poland."

The case was a symptom of what is happening to the once relatively liberal regime of Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka. At the start of World War II, Wankowicz fled Nazi-occupied Poland, accompanied Polish army units in the Italian campaign as a war correspondent, and told their story in his best-selling book *Battle of Monte Cassino*. Soon after war's end he settled in the U.S. with his wife and daughter, became an American citizen. Homesick and impressed by the new intellectual freedom under Gomulka, he visited Poland in 1958, then four years later settled in Warsaw permanently. At first he was lionized by the regime. But last March he joined 33 leading Polish intellectuals in issuing a sharp protest against growing intellectual repression.

Promptly the police obtained retractions from a majority of the signers, but Wankowicz was one of a dozen who refused to recant. Then suddenly, on the night of Oct. 5, he was arrested.



WANKOWICZ AFTER TRIAL  
Roses for the convict.

Chief evidence produced at his trial was a speech critical of the government that he had written in June; he never delivered it, but had allegedly sent a copy to his daughter in Washington. Under a decree dating back to the Stalin era, Wankowicz was sentenced to three years in prison. The judge cut the sentence in half because of a recent amnesty and allowed him to go home pending appeal.

By Stalinist standards this was mild treatment, but was nevertheless clear warning to Polish intellectuals to stop their criticism. To judge, however, by Wankowicz' enthusiastic reception after the trial, at least some of them were flouting that warning.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

### Disappointment in Prague

A large crowd had gathered around Prague's ancient Hradčany Castle, clearly hoping to witness the beginning of the downfall of their Communist boss.

Inside the castle's vast Gothic Vladislav Hall, 294 Deputies of the tame Communist Parliament were gathered to elect a new President. For weeks there had been hints that dour Antonin Novotny, 59, who for seven years has been both President and Communist Party chief, might lose the presidency, possibly as the first step to complete oblivion. Once a Stalinist who survived by ruthlessly killing off his rivals, Novotny had become a slavish follower of the deposed Nikita Khrushchev. During the recent Moscow ceremonies celebrating the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Novotny was noticeably absent from the Communist lineup atop Lenin's Tomb.

But when the Prague parliamentary session ended and the castle's great glass doors swung open, it was Novotny who stepped out on the balcony, having been "unanimously re-elected" for a new five-year term. He had survived once again, obviously having persuaded his critics that there was no moment for another Communist shake-up.

**Capitalist Magic.** The crowd outside the castle faced Novotny in grim silence—and with good reason. Under Novotny's inflexible, inept rule, potentially rich Czechoslovakia has suffered a continuous economic crisis. Industrial production has fallen, productivity has stagnated, and last week the official news agency blandly conceded that Czechoslovakia would be compelled to buy 2,200,000 tons of grain abroad because of a disastrous domestic harvest.

Such dismal conditions have forced Communist planners to resort to that old capitalist magic, the profit motive. In its latest decrees, the government encourages factories that show a profit to reward workers with pay boosts and bonuses, while enterprises running a deficit will have to lower wages to bring them in line with productivity. By year's end 162 hopelessly inefficient factories employing 60,000 workers are to be closed down. In another conces-

sion to free enterprise, the government is permitting barbers, tailors, shoemakers, locksmiths and other small entrepreneurs to open private shops.

**Old Party Hacks.** Like Khrushchev and his successors, Czechoslovakia's young Communist technocrats led by Economics Professor Ota Sik, 45, are apparently more concerned with increasing production than with Marxist dogma. But while the reformers have sold their economic approach to the party's Central Committee, they have not been able to bring about a change in the regime's power structure.

Implementing the liberalized economic program will be difficult while Novotny remains in charge, determined to protect the old party hacks who are running most of Czechoslovakia's economy. As Novotny explained not long ago: There is no need to fire an "old comrade" just because he can't count.

## ITALY

### Why Communism Hangs On: The Comrades Are Middle Class

The record of Bologna's Mayor Giuseppe Dozza, 63, reads as though it came out of a good-government primer. In four successive terms, he has stood for fiscal responsibility, a balanced budget and incentives for industry. He is campaigning for a fifth term this week on a platform of lower taxes, lower living costs and better breaks for small businessmen. He has raised Bologna's credit so high that a consortium of banks recently offered the city an \$18 million loan. Even his enemies concede that Dozza is both honest and efficient. In fact, the only unorthodox thing about him is that he is a Communist.

His clean, competent administration of Bologna, a city of half a million people on the edge of the Po Valley, is a classic example of why non-Communi-



NOVOTNY & COMMUNIST YOUTH  
Silence for the boss.

nists find it so hard to break the Red grip on so many Italian cities and towns. In next week's municipal elections, 6,724 communities will vote for local officials, and sharp Communist gains could bring down the virtually paralyzed center-left coalition government of the Christian Democrats and Socialists. While Italy is beset by inflation and strikes, the coalition parties are campaigning largely on the argument that Communists are Communists, one using Khrushchev's ouster to underline the point; the Christian Democrats even put up portraits of Khrushchev, Malenkov, Stalin and Mao right in Rome's Via Veneto to recall the jungle warfare in the Red world. The Communists counter by sticking to Italian economic issues and by pointing to Mayor Dozza and the *rinnovatori* (modernizers) elsewhere to show that Communism has indeed changed.

**Shaky Church.** In Dozza's pre-election pamphlet, *What We Have Done*, the word Communist appears only once in 63 pages. Dozza and his comrades are called the Gruppo Due Torri (the Two Towers Group), a reference to the pair of medieval leaning towers in the city's center which are the symbol of Bologna. Red election posters in the parks and piazzas are similarly bare of the hammer and sickle, and read: *VOTA DUE TORRI!*

Stocky, amiable Mayor Dozza has been remarkably successful in abandoning the conventional class struggle and winning over the middle class. He had organized 3,000 shop owners and storekeepers into a merchants' federation, and helped them fight against supermarket and chain-store competition. His public officials have been well trained in Communist administration schools, and are qualified for their jobs; each is screened for personal honesty.

Dozza thrives on paradox. When Bologna's Giacomo Cardinal Lerario ordered the shaky old church of San Giorgio torn down, it was Dozza who insisted on repairs to preserve it as an historic landmark. In 1956, when a Christian Democratic candidate for mayor tried to undercut Dozza by promising sweeping social-welfare programs, the Red mayor branded his scheme financially irresponsible, and was re-elected by a landslide.

**Created Capitalists.** One of Dozza's lieutenants is Guido Fanti, a 39-year-old Communist bureaucrat who boasts that "each year we help scores of Bologna workers to become small-factory owners. So you see, we are actually creating capitalists." Asked if Communism should be making capitalists, Fanti shrugs: "Marty taught us that we should aim at the transformation of society within the realities of a given situation. That's what we're doing here in Bologna. It's not the way the Russians do it, but we must be realistic."

Each neighborhood has its own Communist Casa del Popolo that offers everything from a wine cellar and li-



MAYOR DOZZA PLAYING SOCCER

Help for small businessmen, strong arms for dissenters.

brary to a game room. There are free courses in stenography and foreign languages, as well as clubs for everyone from bridge players to fishermen.

Amid all this benevolent ward-healing, it is tempting to believe that Communists have really turned into democrats. But every so often, something happens to remind the forgetful that they haven't. One Red city councillor dared to criticize Mayor Dozza for acting too arbitrarily. Dozza agreed to a meeting at which the councillor would supposedly be allowed to spell out his grievances. But when the disgruntled comrade showed up, he found the atmosphere less than encouraging to free speech: the room was packed with tough, blue-collar workers who closed threateningly around him. "All right, let's discuss," said the leader of the bully boys. But he did not even have to use strong-arm methods. The dissenter collapsed with a mild heart attack and was carried out feet first.

## GREAT BRITAIN

Could Have Been Worse—  
But Is It Good Enough?

Britons love to huck the tide. While even Russia and the satellites are marching their economies away from centralization and toward the profit motive, Britain's new Labor government is charging right ahead to renationalize the steel industry.

In the House of Commons last week, the Tories were joined by the small Liberal Party in an attempt to condemn Labor for its announced steel plan. Britain's steel industry certainly needs some measures to make it more competitive in the world market, where last year it ranked fifth in output (behind the U.S., Russia, West Germany and Japan). British steel, though technologically advanced, suffers from too many inefficient small firms, and Labor econ-



ANTI-RED DISPLAY IN ROME

omists argue that if the industry is not nationalized, a massive number of mergers, leading to monopoly situations and price fixing, are bound to occur. The Conservatives admit the problem, but deny that nationalization is the answer. Iain Macleod, lately returned to the Tory front bench after a disgruntled self-exile in journalism, called steel nationalization "the application by small and foolish men of a 19th century solution to a mid-20th century problem."

With its thin majority, Labor had to huddle in M.P.s in wheelchairs and on crutches to save itself, 307 to 301. Had the motion passed, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's government could have fallen.

**Still Compassionate.** With the opening steel skirmish won, Wilson turned coolly to the next item on his agenda: an emergency "autumn budget" designed to ease Britain's painful \$2 billion balance-of-payments deficit until the regular budget is drawn up in April. At the same time, Wilson saw a chance to nail down votes for a probable spring election by passing some promised social-welfare measures.

It was the first parliamentary test for the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, James Callaghan, 52, who tried to symbolize new approaches by carrying his speech in a plain manila envelope rather than the traditional battered attaché case. Known as "the Mod from the Treasury" because of his sharp wardrobe, Callaghan on this occasion was all business, shunned the customary tumbler of "amber liquid" resorted to by Chancellors during their long, dry budgetary speeches. But Callaghan was less of an innovator in the budget itself.

Main points:

► From cough drops to corn plasters.

— "Vote D.C. [Christian Democratic]. Communism Is the Same As Ever. Fight It Again Along With Us."

all prescriptions written under the National Health Service will forthwith be free; a 28c prescription charge on each item was abolished.

► Widows' pensions were tripled (to \$4.20 a week), old-age and disability payments increased by 20%, to show that even in times of economic stress, Britain can be "humane and compassionate."

► An already punishing gasoline tax was increased by sixpence (7c), thus raising the cost of one "Imperial gallon" (a fifth again as capacious as its U.S. equivalent) to 75c.

► Income tax, which is paid by companies as well as individuals, was raised in the higher brackets by sixpence on the pound, thus bringing the British tax rate back to approximately where it was in 1959, when the Tories cut it. A

## LUXEMBOURG

### The Grandest Duchy

The smallest member of NATO was the one least troubled by the alarms and arguments over European defense. Although Luxembourg was for centuries fought over by France and Germany, its 153 turreted castles now serve as tourist attractions, and last week its 327,000 subjects were concerned with a purely sentimental occasion. It was one of those episodes suggesting that, despite the new Europe's growing pains, the old Europe somehow goes on.

"Charlotte, mi lui ek guer! [Charlotte, we love you]," cried thousands of weeping, waving burghers, crowding around the palace, right across the street from the showrooms of the capital's chief undertaker. At 68 the longest-



WIFE WATCHING NEW GRAND DUKE TAKE OATH  
The old Europe somehow goes on.

previously programmed capital-gains tax was deferred until April, to the temporary relief of businessmen.

**Ledger-Demain.** With an eye to foreign trade, Callaghan took care to affirm that the 15% import duties announced last month were only temporary, to be lifted when and if Britain's balance-of-payment problems are eased. All told, it was a fairly effective act of ledger-demain: the gas-tax increase was passed by a ten-vote margin, the income tax by 26. The budget's impact is decidedly deflationary, since it will take nearly \$600 million in purchasing power out of the economy. Some experts believe that this is just what is needed right now.

On the whole, the British business community felt that the budget could have been worse ("Insidious but less drastic than feared," said the Daily Telegraph), and as a result the London Stock Exchange registered relief with a two-day rise. But the great danger in Labor's stopgap budget is that the deflationary tax increases might seriously reduce incentives in the British economy.

ruling monarch in Europe, Grand Duchess Charlotte abdicated in favor of her son, Jean Benoît Guillaume Marie Robert Louis Antoine Adolphe Marc d'Aviano, 43, who promised to strive to "ban all that remains of moral and material misery" in his domain.

The task ought not to be taxing, since under his mother's rule, which began just after World War I, Luxembourg came to enjoy the highest standard of living in Europe. There is no unemployment in the duchy's 999 sq. mi., industry is booming, and \$70 million in U.S. investments has gone into Luxembourg in the past decade. Grand Duke Jean and his wife, sister of Belgium's King Baudouin, should have plenty of time for their favorite sports—skiing, swimming and golfing.

As for Charlotte, she will be able to tend her rose garden, aided by her husband, Prince Félix of Bourbon-Parma, 71. A descendant of France's Sun King Louis XIV (1643-1715), the prince long ago stopped gambling with the family fortune and in old age has turned dutiful and thoroughly bourgeois—in fact, Luxembourgish.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### The Other Vast Wasteland

It is afternoon, and the Bantu house-boy is in the living room cleaning the carpet. Someone has left the TV on. The boy looks up at the screen, sees a chorus line of white girls in scanty costumes. Suddenly seized by lust, he runs upstairs and rapes the lady of the house.

The scene is hypothetical, but it has been endlessly conjured up to explain why Africa's most technically advanced nation still lacks mass television. In white-ruled South Africa, the government refuses to permit TV on the ground that it would corrupt both the white minority and nonwhite majority. Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd has more or less put TV in a category with atom bombs and poison gas. "They are modern things, but that does not mean they are desirable. The government has to watch for any dangers to the people, both spiritual and physical." Minister of Posts and Telegraphs Albert Hertzog has put the government view just as bluntly. "The effect of the wrong picture on children, the less developed, and other races can be highly detrimental." He is on record with the pledge: "As far as I am concerned, we will never have television."

The Nationalist government, composed mostly of Dutch-descended Boers, also fears that canned TV programs from the U.S. and Britain would further "anglicize" South Africa, 37% of whose white population is English-speaking. Beyond that, the Nationalists feel that Anglo-Saxon liberalism reflected in such programs could subtly undermine apartheid—although a good package ought to be able to find some pretty safe fare. Still, Hertzog accuses South Africa's English-dominated business community, and specifically Diamond Tycoon Harry F. Oppenheimer, of plotting to bring in television, which could mean "the destruction of white South Africa."

Meanwhile, South Africans console themselves by going to the movies; with a logic of sorts the government considers the movies less dangerous than TV, because at least they do not reach everyone's home (free, Oddly, South Africans also keep buying TV sets—"for when the time comes." Popular pressure for TV is growing, and some closed-circuit transmissions for industrial and medical groups have been permitted. Reportedly, Verwoerd may use the promise of TV as a vote-getting device to enhance his party's expected victory in the next election. And it is even beginning to dawn on some stubborn Nationalists that television, under strict government control, could be a powerful tool to spread their apartheid gospel in black and white, and maybe even color.

Even though, by latest count, 15 other African countries have TV. Among them: the ex-French Congo, Gabon, the Ivory Coast, Kenya, Liberia, Nigeria, Senegal, Sierra Leone, the Sudan, Uganda.

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## THE CONGO

### The Hoodlum Rebels

"They took us outside and lined us up against the wall. This was it. But to amuse themselves they deferred to us —no more than seven or eight years old. 'What shall we do with them?' asked the adults. The children devised a different fate for each of us. 'Cut that one's ear off and make him eat it,' or, 'Cut his stomach open,' or, 'Put his eyes out.' Two rebels kept sharpening their spears all the time. The children yelled, 'Let's get started. Kill the first one!'"

Such was the nightmare ordeal of 24 Europeans held prisoner by Communist-backed rebels in the Congolese town of Kindu, as recounted by a Belgian tinmine employee. As things turned out, the children were disappointed, for at

with gasoline in front of the local Lumumba monument. Following Kindu's recapture fortnight ago, government forces blew up the monument; the adjoining pavement was still cracked and blackened from the rebel burnings.

Captured documents showed that the rebel leaders themselves were having trouble with their chaotic troops. Commanders evidently had to field a steady stream of inspectors to keep the *simbas* (or "lions," as the rebel soldiers call themselves) in line. The rebels, like most Congolese, could not kick their tribal superstitions. One communiqué from a rebel officer ended with an urgent P.S.: "I beg *monsieur le colonel* to make sure that all bridges in our territory be washed with medicine to protect against bombardment."

Another guerrilla major reported that



WOUNDED OUTLAW

The children cried: "Kill the first one!"



BELGIAN WIDOW

the last moment one of Moïse Tshombe's government bombers buzzed the town, and the rebels fled. But this and other stories coming to light last week added up to a grim composite picture of the Congolese rebels.

**Blackened Pavement.** For all their claim of being "nationalists"—a label that in present-day Africa automatically draws a certain respect—the rebels are really just savage hoodlums on the loose. At Kindu airport, waiting to be flown out, a weeping Belgian woman told how rebel youths had speared and knifed her husband and two sons to death before her eyes in the family's backyard. In the village of Kibombo, three elderly Belgian men were murdered with shotguns.

Actually, the rebels have killed more blacks than whites. To deal with Congolese "enemies of the revolution," villagers would be assembled as a "people's court." A prisoner would be brought forward, and the crowd would be asked whether the accused was innocent or guilty. There was seldom any doubt about the verdict. In the square near Kindu's main shopping district, hundreds of Congolese were burned to death

during an inspection trip he had been repeatedly arrested by leaders of the rebels' own youth wing, the *Jeunesse*, who "would not respect my rank." One loutish *Jeunesse* captain even threatened to have his fraternal superior executed for "troublemaking," until the major paid him a 3,000-franc (\$20) bribe.

**Do Nothing Inhuman.** Of principal concern at week's end was the fate of 1,000 whites still trapped in rebel territory. Among the prisoners were 63 Americans, including the five-man U.S. consulate staff in Stanleyville, who have been held under guard for more than two months in a hotel room. With Tshombe's forces closing in, "President" Christophe Gbenye of the rebel "People's Republic" may try to use the whites as hostages to improve his bargaining position.

Kenya's Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta, chairman of an *ad hoc* Congo Reconciliation Commission set up by the Organization of African Unity, appealed to "all authorities in the Congo to do nothing that would be inhuman toward civilians in their custody."

## CAMBODIA

### Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Brave, Clean, Reverent & Snookie

Like the young bride always threatening to go home to Mother, Cambodia's neutralist Prince Norodom ("Snookie") Sihanouk more or less survives on the international scene by constantly threatening to break off with somebody. Last week, as Red Chinese Foreign Minister Chen Yi dropped by for Cambodian independence-day ceremonies, Sihanouk affirmed what no one doubted—that he was perfectly capable of renouncing "our monarchic and nationalistic regime to adopt the Communist regime." Next thing, Snookie warned Russia and Red China that unless his economic problems are solved, Cambodia might abandon these nations and "align itself with the very rich United States so that they can meet the annual deficit of our national budget"—a suggestion that might no longer be very welcome in Washington.

Finally, Sihanouk made his gravest move of all, and this time he didn't just threaten. Drawing himself up to his full 5 ft. 4 in., Snookie solemnly severed Cambodia's relations with that well-known instrument of imperialism—the Boy Scouts World Bureau.

## SAUDI ARABIA

### A Brace of Kings

Long famed for its bleak deserts, eye-for-an-eye justice and profitable oil wells, Saudi Arabia last week had the added distinction of possessing two monarchs. Profligate King Saud, 62, who had reigned for eleven years, strolled in his ultra-modern Naziriyah Palace in the capital city of Riyadh. Just down the road in the Red Palace was Saud's half brother Feisal who two weeks ago was summoned to the throne by a *fatwa*, or religious edict, issued by a national council composed of 100 princes, assorted sheiks and the *ulema* (a body of learned men). At the same time the *fatwa* deposed King Saud, but he refused to abdicate, and no one knew just how to go about making him do it.

**Deathbed Oath.** The two men have long been antagonists. Their father, the late King Ibn Saud once said, "I wish that Feisal had been born twins and Saud had never been born at all." Nevertheless, Saud was the oldest son and was therefore named Crown Prince. On his deathbed, Ibn Saud made Feisal swear on the Koran that he would not seek the throne as long as Saud lived.

Keeping the oath was not easy. As King, Saud squandered fortunes on his pleasures, chief of which were a huge harem. Next to women, Saud liked air-conditioned Cadillacs best, and next to Cadillacs, intrigue. In contrast, Feisal was almost a puritan; though thrice married, he lives with only one wife at a time and, for the past 20 years, his consort has been Turkish-educated Princess Ifat. He speaks fluent French and English as well as Arabic, and has

tried to use his country's oil millions for the benefit of the people.

The pattern of Saudi Arabia has alternated between a few years of mismanagement and waste by nearly illiterate King Saud and then a few years of austerity under Feisal as Premier—until the King felt he could afford to get rid of him again. When Feisal was last called back to power in 1962 for another spell of reform, he decided to get tough. He cut down Saud's privy purse 30% to a paltry \$20 million a year. Cautiously progressive, Feisal also earmarked \$500 million for schools, hospitals, roads and water projects. He promised to introduce movies next year, ordered the building of two TV stations and allowed female announcers on the air. As usual, Saud and his wastrel sons conspired with outraged Muslim mullahs who opposed such frivolities and protested that an educated woman is a defiled woman.

**Sensible Heat.** Last September Feisal attended the Alexandria conference of Arab nations and held a series of private meetings with Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser to patch up the dispute between their two countries over Yemen's civil war—which last week finally headed for an armistice. Back home, Feisal was depressed to find that King Saud and his sons had been up to their old tricks. Finally, Feisal decided to break his long-kept oath in favor of the national interest. He ordered the national council convened, and while the *Jatwa* was being drawn up, Feisal traveled slowly across the country in a 400-car motorcade, making repeated halts to attract maximum attention. Met with the announcement that he was to be King in place of Saud, Feisal professed astonishment but, after prayer and deep reflection, accepted.

Since then, deposed King Saud has stubbornly remained inside his palace.



FEISAL & SUBJECTS

A brother who shouldn't have been born.



POETS AT CALCUTTA FOUNTAIN  
And a sister in the Taj Mahal.

comforted by his numberless wives and concubines, and encouraged by his sons. The throne, he said, "was given me by God and my father, and no one can take it away from me." Some of Feisal's advisers suggested cutting off the electric power to Naziriyah Palace, which would automatically shut down the air-conditioning plant, said to be the world's largest after that of the Pentagon in Washington. The sweltering heat, they argued, would bring Saud to his senses. But Feisal refused to take personal action against Saud, declared: "He is still here, and we shall do everything possible to ensure his comfort."

## INDIA

### The Hungry Generation

A thousand years ago, India was the land of Vātsyāyana's *Kāma Sūtra*, the classic volume that so thoroughly detailed the art of love that its translators still usually leave several key words in Sanskrit. Last week, in a land that has become so straitly laced that its movie heroines must burst into song rather than be kissed, five scruffy young poets were hauled into Calcutta's dreary Bankshall Court for publishing works that have melted even Vātsyāyana's pen. The Hungry Generation had arrived.

Born in 1962, with an inspirational assist from visiting U.S. Beatnik Allen Ginsberg, Calcutta's Hungry Generation is a growing band of young Bengalis with tigers in their tanks. Somewhat unoriginally they insist that only in immediate physical pleasure do they find any meaning in life, and they blame modern society for their emptiness. On cheaply printed paper, they pour forth a torrent of starkly explicit erotic writings, most of them based on their own exploits ("In the Taj Mahal with My Sister") or on dreams. "My theme is me," says Hungry Poet Shaleswar Ghose, 26, a schoolteacher. "I say what I feel. I feel frustration, hunger for love, hunger for food."

**Three Widows.** To all appearances, their appetites are unlimited. In a short

story, Bank Clerk Malay Roychowdhury, 25, tells of a starving poet who first devours his fiancée, then his poetry notebook, then a building and Calcutta's huge Howrah Bridge. A poem by Schoolteacher Ghose crows that "I impregnated three widows at a time, and now I am lying in bed happy. What next?"

Absurd as they seem, the hungries see themselves as the spokesmen of a betrayed and miserable people. "Our frustration is not just personal," says a 28-year-old geology lecturer. "It comes from the strains, the poverty, the squalor of our society." And in a series of violent manifestos, the hungries singled out their enemies, including hypocrites, conventional writers and politicians whose place in society lies "somewhere between the dead body of a harlot and a donkey's tail." To "let loose a creative furor," the hungries last summer sent every leading Calcutta citizen—from police commissioner to wealthy spinsters—engraved, four-letter-worded invitations for a topless bathing suit contest.

**Done-for World.** With that, the entire Calcutta establishment rose up in rage. Newspaper editorials, quoting passages from their works, proved conclusively that they were dangerous and dirty—so much so that Calcutta's reading public began to look for them. Under civic pressure, the police hauled away 26 of the "poets" for questioning. Five were suspended from their jobs and booked on charges of obscene writing and conspiracy against society.

The evidence for last week's trial was irrefutable, but meanwhile the Indian government had been approached by sympathetic intellectuals at home and abroad. Looking for a face-saving exit, the Calcutta prosecutor temporized, requested a postponement in court. To celebrate their temporary freedom, the hungering beats raided an art gallery, beat up three painters, then walked happily away to resume their pursuit of the Hungry Generation's declared goal—"to undo the done-for world and start afresh from chaos."

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## PEOPLE

The canvases, signed with a modest F. F., are never sold or exhibited and only rarely photographed. But last week, in an official film of *El Caudillo's* life that opened in Madrid, Spaniards had their first chance to view the fruits of Francisco Franco's hobby of 25 years, daubed in his studio at the Pardo Palace near Madrid. Shown are two tidily academic works: a storm at sea, and a rather unflattering self-portrait of the Commander in Chief of the Spanish Navy in his admiral's uniform. Son of a naval officer, Franco, now 71, was destined for a nautical career as a boy, but Spain's fleet was so depleted by the Spanish-American War of 1898 that the naval academy closed down and he was forced to go into the army instead.

During the French Revolution, Madame Tussaud got her start making wax busts of victims of the guillotine, which may be why even today the folks who run the museum she founded have an occasional soft spot in their hearts for losers. At any rate, the effigy of **Barry Goldwater** will not be melted down. It will be put in storage, and the museum's directors even feel that "he may be useful later on."

Apprehensively, her Mum and Dad watched Miss World being chosen in London on the telly. "I seem to be a jinx when I go to her contests," explained Mr. Sidney, a Dorset butcher, who must have been one of the few viewers not phoning in complaints. Why was that grandly designed Miss France not one of the finalists? Why was appe-



MISS WORLD

While Mum and Dad viewed the telly.

tizing Miss Italy sinisterly left out? Popular Miss U.S.A. was vetoed, snarled her manager, because "British juries are prejudiced against American girls," a Texas leaguer that conveniently ignored the presence on the jury of such non-Britons as Tab Hunter and Paul Anka. Actually, the panel had a simple problem of a whole lot of lovely girls to pick from, and if green-eyed Model **Ann Sidney**, 20, winner of the \$7,000 title, just happened to be Miss United Kingdom, by jingo, she was also 5 ft. 8 in. of absolute wow.

One week before the big fight, when he turned up for the preliminary weigh-in, Heavyweight **Sheik Cassius Clay**, 22, was romping up and down Boston's Commonwealth Avenue, stopping trolleys and autos to ask if anyone had seen the "Big Bear," also known as **Sonny Liston**. Three days before the fight, Clay was rushed to City Hospital in an ambulance, after becoming ill during dinner, and doctors diagnosed a hernia. Surgery was immediate, and the match was postponed indefinitely. Liston's comment: "If he wouldn't run around in the streets, he wouldn't have anything wrong with him."

Her London publishers called it "a continuation of his writing skill" when **Robin Jane Wells**, 32, granddaughter of Novelist-Historian H. G. Wells, dashed off a children's tale about a blue elephant, called *Tuscan* and *The Point*. With that kind of billing, it was only a question of time before someone asked her what she thought of her grandfather, whose 105 tomes, from *The War of the Worlds* to *The Outline of History*, made him one of the most influential authors of the early part of the century. "I hate to admit it," she confessed, "but I don't know much about his books. I don't read them."

Give a little, get a little is a natural thing to think. **Pope Paul VI**, 67, had just decided to donate his gold-and-silver, jewel-studded coronation crown (conservatively worth \$12,000) to be used in a fund-raising campaign for those "who suffer misery." Now, here was English Actress **Dorothy Tutin**, 34, holding out a 1623 First Folio edition of William Shakespeare, after members of Britain's Royal Stratford Shakespeare Company had put on a performance in the Vatican. "What a beautiful memento of this occasion!" exclaimed the Pope, taking it and passing it to an aide. Frightfully sorry, blushed Dorothy, but please would he give it back: she had only meant him to give the \$60,000 volume his blessing.

Possibly the hairdos were a little nuptial, and here and there a trace of baby fat still lingered. But the 52 young ladies who met in Dallas for a crack at



MISS TEENAGE AMERICA

While the little monkeys did the bird.

the Miss Teenage America title were long on animal spirits. Miss Teenage Tampa appropriately won the turtle race with her pet "Knight," while dozens of girls danced the monkey and the bird. Miss Teenage Memphis disapproved, saying: "I feel I cannot live for God and participate in the vulgarity of some of the modern dances." When the feathers settled, the winner was a gleeful soprano, **Carolyn Mignini**, 17, a Baltimore oriole who will use her \$10,000 prize to study at Juilliard.

For \$1,000,000 or thereabouts, he got the famous blue-and-white zebra-striped upholstery, the potted palms, and a publicity agent thrown in to make weight. But **John Mills**, 50, a wartime Polish commando, doesn't really need him; as soon as he bought Manhattan's El Morocco (from Edwin Perona, son of the late founder), dozens of friends dropped by for a toast, from venture-some capitalists like Sherman Fairchild to Cinematheque Merle Oberon. After all, Mills already runs a triple-barreled London establishment (casino, nightclub, restaurant) that is loaded with big game, including Prince Philip and the Sheik of Kuwait. Though Mills says "I wouldn't dare" change the zebra's stripes, he is adding a few jelly wrinkles, discotheque, a Rolls-Royce with bar, and a Bentley to carry his more diffident guests to and fro.

While flying to Manhattan to sing in a benefit concert for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Soprano **Coretta Scott King**, 37, wife of the conference's leader, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., 35, struck up a conversation with her seat mate, a white girl from Louisiana who recognized her. Was the topic race relations? Peaceful resistance? Well, not exactly, said Mrs. King. "We're both a middle child, and if you're a middle child and can survive, I've always said that you can survive anything."

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### OLD GRAND-DAD

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



## THE PRESS

### PUBLISHERS

#### The Newspaper's Role

"I think it is clear," said John Hay Whitney, publisher of the New York Herald Tribune and former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, "that though I have worked at journalism, I am here primarily because I am a millionaire." But it was as a journalist that "Jack" Whitney had been invited to Colby College, in Waterville, Me., to accept Colby's honorary Elijah Lovejoy fellowship. And it was very much as a journalist—and publisher—that Whitney spoke.

**Something Lost.** "It may be," Whitney said ruefully of the paper he bought five years ago, "that there are worse investments in this country than running a competitive morning newspaper in a busy, bitterly competitive, sophisticated town. But I have never run across one. We are, I think, at a point where to venture into a competitive market requires a great deal of money. And the profit still lies in monopoly situations where, too often, there is more income than excellence. It is proper to ask whether perhaps the newspaper's day has come and gone and television and newsmagazines are here to bury it."

"We had a presidential campaign remarkable in the volume of its reporting, an election night remarkable in the speed of that reporting. In some instances, there were barely 15 minutes between the close of the polls and the announcement of who won. And who did all this? The newspapers? Hardly. Almost uniformly, using the computers that television brought and the speed

that television demanded, the newspapers of this country produced the same morning-after papers they produced a generation ago."

"We seem to have lost something, a spirit of independence, a spirit of our own ferocity. [and this loss] has made us captive to the press release and the gentlemanly code of going to great lengths to avoid embarrassing anyone. There is no reporter who could not produce enough copy simply by collecting what is given away."

**Ferocious Fairness.** "But the privileges we claim for ourselves at every step are based on the old conception of ourselves as the public's watchdog, as the men a little outside our society, measuring it with a pinch of skepticism. If the press conferences become less productive because they are more polite, the fault may be ours. To be fair is not enough any more. We must be ferociously fair."

"Our task is to cut through the junk in the public mind by seeking the order that underlies the clutter of small events; to winnow out of the apparent what is the real; to code to television and radio the mere repetition of activities and to look behind the bare event for meanings."

"The role we can play every day, if we try, is to take the whole experience of every day and shape it to involve American man. It is our job to interest him in his community and to give his ideas the excitement they should have. These are the excellences of our craft."

### MAGAZINES

#### Rescue Work at Curtis

Ever since last month's palace revolt at Curtis Publishing Co. forced the resignation of President Matthew J. Culligan, the company has been looking everywhere for a new boss. The directors hired Boyden Associates, a management consulting firm, to help in the search, and the names of outsiders reportedly under consideration got an almost daily workout in the New York press. The list seemed endless: *McCall's* Publisher A. Edward Miller, former Oil Company Executive Raymond D. McGrath, former FCC Chairman Newton Minow, and Shelton Fisher, McGraw-Hill publication division president. Then last week the Curtis board of directors announced that its search had ended at last. The man had been found right at home.

**Making It Official.** The new president and chief executive officer is John M. Clifford, 59, who joined Curtis, at Culligan's invitation, in 1962. The two men had been associates at Radio Corp. of America. At Curtis, Clifford, who had no magazine experience, rose quickly to the rank of executive vice president—Culligan's second in command. After Culligan stepped aside, Clifford became the company's tem-



PRESIDENT CLIFFORD

A new boss and another lawsuit.

porary head. Last week's board vote made his elevation official.

Even as the board acted, Edward Miller and Newton Minow made announcements of their own. Miller said he was leaving *McCall's* to become president of Alfred Politz Research, Inc., a market-research firm that already counts Curtis among its clients. Minow told newsmen that he was taking a temporary leave of absence from his duties as executive vice president and general counsel of *Encyclopedia Britannica* to work on Curtis problems as a "special counsel."

**Some Fresh Worries.** Behind the rash of personnel announcements, though, many problems remained. The *Saturday Evening Post*, with 6,500,000 circulation, is not only Curtis' biggest magazine, but its only serious money loser with an estimated \$10 million deficit this year. The board decided to make the *Post* a biweekly, effective with the first week in January, hoping thereby to cut losses drastically. The decision will also cause the layoff of 250 employees at Curtis' Lock Haven, Pa., papermaking plant. Perhaps as a further economy, the board chose not to replace the two rebel leaders, Editor in Chief Clay Blair Jr. and Marvin D. Kantor, head of the magazine division, whose resignations were demanded last month.

Still unresolved is a problem involving Curtis' Ontario timberland, which borders on the Texas Gull Sulphur Co. copper strike. That potential asset has been tied up by a stockholders' suit charging that the Curtis directors "unreasonably and fraudulently benefited" by concealing news of the strike until they had voted themselves sizable stock options.

And to add to Curtis' worries, William C. Newberg, former president of the Chrysler Corp., last week filed a \$2,400,000 libel suit claiming damage from a *Post* article about a manage-

\* Named for the Colby graduate who, in 1837 in Alton, Ill., died at the hands of a mob infuriated by his antislavery editorials in the *Alton Observer*.

EARL H. SMITH



WHITNEY AT COLBY

A pinch of skepticism and a lot of money.

ment shakeup at Chrysler—the latest of some half-dozen actions generated during Clay Blair's "sophisticated muck-raking" approach to journalism. Nor have Rebel Leaders Blair and Kantor had their last say. Both have brought suit against Curtis for the balance they claim is due them under unexpired contracts: both are collaborating on a book about Curtis' October revolution. Said Blair: "It will rock Philadelphia."

## CRITICS

### The Man with the Popular Mind

*His column is concocted of bile and bilge. There is no barrier of good taste that he won't breach daily.*

—TV Producer

*The only TV critic in the nation who is rude, inaccurate, un-Christian and vengeful.*

—TV Star

*He's a murderer. Anyone who gives him the time of day has lost his mind.*

—TV Network Executive

*This man writes with his glands. I avoid him, because I would probably hit him if I saw him.*

—TV Press Agent

To all such acrimony, TV Critic Jack O'Brian, 50, responds with the unruffled self-assurance of a man who has managed to outstay most of his manifold detractors. His column, *On the Air*, has appeared in *Hearst's New York Journal-American* for 14 uninterrupted years. "I don't blame the people who hate my guts," says O'Brian. "I do have a capacity to cut very close to the bone, and these people must react. They can't very well blame themselves. So they blame me."

**The Muscle.** O'Brian's column ignores the conventions to which most TV critics subscribe. He seldom, if ever,

indulges in lengthy think pieces; he finds he can contain his reaction to any given show, or performer in brief, sharp, personal observations. And TV being TV, his prevailing attitude is aggressively hostile: he frowns on most of what he sees. Steve Allen, a TV performer who has repetitively borne the brunt of O'Brian's scorn, once assayed the critical content of a single column and counted 33 pans against only three bits of praise.

O'Brian lards his critical comment with gossip, digressive asides. Before this year's presidential election, he solemnly informed his readers that Lyndon Johnson was Jack O'Brian's man. When Lawyer Roy Cohn, a personal friend, put in a guest appearance on TV, O'Brian seized the opportunity to describe his buddy as "articulate, poised, informed, brilliant and even humble"—virtues rarely lumped together in a description of Senator Joe McCarthy's onetime side-kick.

O'Brian's critics might forgive such departures from duty if he took a better view of them and their product. But the performers who bask in O'Brian's favor—Bert Lahr, Perry Como and Walter Cronkite, to name most of them—are vastly outnumbered by those who do not. O'Brian has excoriated Danny Kaye for 15 years on the grounds that Kaye's comic talent never escaped infancy. He is equally steadfast in his disapproval of Ed Sullivan ("Old Smiley"), David Susskind ("Little David"), CBS News Commentator Mike Wallace ("a vacuum") and scores of other performers who fall short of the O'Brian standards. "I'm not a Hessian soldier," says O'Brian. "I can't write what I don't believe. The muscle in my column is opinion, and I can't write anyone else's opinion but my own."

**The Stand-In.** Born in Buffalo, N.Y., the son of a New York Central conductor, John Dennis Patrick O'Brian showed early signs of an incisive critical taste. Soon after he joined the Buffalo Courier-Express as a cub reporter, O'Brian was assigned to audit a performance of the local philharmonic orchestra. Offended by a guest appearance of some juvenile accordions, O'Brian took the orchestra so severely to task that the incident became a *civic cause célèbre*. When the orchestra changed hands shortly thereafter, O'Brian, with obvious satisfaction, claimed part of the credit.

Ambition brought him to New York, where the late George Jean Nathan, then theater critic for the *Journal-American*, helped him get a job on the paper in 1949. At the time, O'Brian had been the *Associated Press's* drama critic and sometime radio critic for six years. After a brief stint as a *Journal-American* rewrite man, O'Brian was assigned to do a radio-TV column. This was in the days when everybody who had a TV set was watching four to five hours a night and wanted to talk about it the next morning. O'Brian suddenly found himself a stand-in for millions of televisioners. "I'm no intellectual," he says. "I like what attracts me. I have the popular mind. About all I demand from TV is that it reach the target it aims for."

**Six Eyes.** He has stormed at pretension and what he considers meretriciousness or bad taste. His two daughters, Bridget, 7, and Kate, 6, are not allowed to watch "shoot 'em up" shows or waste a minute on *Soupy Sales*, a slap-sticking echo of vaudeville who appears on TV's children's hour. The first time that Ed Sullivan hooked the Beatles, O'Brian praised the act. But after the air waves filled with Beatle imitators, he called a halt. "If this vast musical wasteland, this sump, continues," he wrote in his column, "it inevitably will encourage young people to forget neatness, ignore barbers, bypass cleanliness and turn into a nation of slobs."

O'Brian's effect on television is best measured, perhaps, by the fact that few of his detractors are willing to declare publicly against him. Almost without exception, network executives and press agents fulminate from behind the refuge of anonymity. Their barbs fly toward well-insulated ears. There are six TV sets in O'Brian's six-room apartment on Manhattan's 73rd Street, and they command his undivided attention at least six hours out of every day.


After 14 years, that big, multiple eye has finally begun to pull. "Who the hell ever said there should be TV 24 hours a day?" O'Brian asked last week. He is thinking seriously of switching off all six sets, he said, in favor of seeking broader battleground with a column conditionally titled "Jack O'Brian at Large." In its way, that ambition constitutes Jack O'Brian's most devastating TV criticism yet.



TV CRITIC O'BRIAN ON THE JOB

After six hours a day for 14 years, a hostile frown.





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(its name is Joe)

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# MODERN LIVING

## CUSTOMS

### The Godot Game

It figures in no labor statistics, is the object of no time-motion studies, the subject of no sociological thesis. Nonetheless, taken in bulk, it probably consumes more hours out of more days—and is far more essential to survival—than any national pursuit but television. The name of the game: waiting.

Sometimes the result is worth the tedium (the birth of a baby), sometimes not (the refusal of a loan). Either way, there is no alternative method for meeting a plane or departing on one, getting a tooth removed, a passport renewed, or voting. Like any routine, waiting takes its own time, has its own special locales, makes its own etiquette. The furniture, accordingly may be much the same, but the fellow who reclines expansively in a comfortable armchair while awaiting an expense-account lunch guest is apt to assume a straighter posture in an identical chair when protesting outrageous alimony demands. Waiting for the P.T.A. meeting to begin, he sprawls. Waiting for the loan officer to finish a phone call, he assumes the well-known suppliant's crouch, a kind of sidesaddle, lock-kneed pose designed to convey simultaneously fiscal responsibility and abject need.

**A Cue in Common.** Nothing defines the waiting room and the nature of its occupants more precisely than the reading matter on display. Movie magazines, out of order in a banker's office or Government agency, are run-of-the-table at Central Casting, a must at the hairdresser's. General practitioners and advertising executives stick to the better-known periodicals; so, as a rule, do psychiatrists (though many patients, fearful



CAROLINE CHARLES



MARY QUANT



JEAN MUIR

### Nostalgia, roses and trailing black velvet.

of being caught engrossed in the *Reader's Digest* and branded a condensed personality, bring along a newspaper instead). Opticians invest in anything, so long as the print is good and dark; while pediatricians can get away with paper towels, stapled together, since anything not bound in cast iron will be in shreds before lunch time.

Basically, there are only so many ways to wait—standing up, sitting down, leaning over, slumping, and lying flat. But customers and patients, applicants and clients, all take a cue from their common mission, find a suitable code. Couples found in adoption-agency reception rooms affect an air of simple good taste (no jewelry other than religious medals), shun cigarettes, hum strains of lullabies every now and then. The same couple, accompanying their college-aged son to the admissions office of a select university, will dress with understated dash (a necklace of wooden, hand-painted beads for her, snide elbow patches and a Dunhill pipe for him), intersperse comments on their reading ("One always comes back to Ovid as if for the first time") with reminiscences of "the old days at Chicago."

**Wait-It-Yourself.** Waiting isn't paid by the hour, and the minimum-wage law does not apply. And, as the song goes, nobody else can do it for you: you've got to wait it by yourself.

But suppose it could be unionized? Union members in good standing could demand overtime.

Left to themselves, they relapsed into the national uniform of high-necked blouses, sensible shoes, tweeds, frowned on those who, like Lady Godiva, did not. There were local designers, but they tended to turn out clothes for the Queen, or for anyone interested in dressing like her. All this has been changed by something called "The Chelsea Revolution," a group of young designers, all 30 or under, who have done more to change the shape of empire than anyone since Wellington.

**Old Edwardian.** Nobody was more astonished than the U.S. designers (who pride themselves on catering to the young) when the Chelsea girls invaded Manhattan in force this fall and bowled over nearly every buyer in sight. Suddenly Cincinnati looked more like Chelsea. So did Cambridge, Mass., and Carmel, Calif.

Actually, much of the Chelsea look is a revival of oldtime fashion ideas from older, more fashionable times. Nostalgia is the order of the day. Edwardian sleeves and bertha collars, ribbons, roses and trailing black velvet are the tricks of the trade. It is their high comic sense, however, that affords the Chelsea group the authority to unearth shades of the past, drop a street-dress hemline down to the ankles, cut a cocktail suit from a Victorian face tablecloth.

It began some eight years ago, when young Mary Quant, now, at 30, the *doyenne* of the group, grew weary of wearing her cousin's castoffs, set up shop, sewing and selling her own designs. Instantly British teen-agers, themselves weary of the butcher look, flocked to the tiny Chelsea workroom, emerged looking more like Cossacks and guardsmen, sailors and hockey players. Audacious in concept, vivid in execution and realistically priced (\$20 and up), Mary Quant's offbeat styles (a typical dress trimmed red flannel with black lace, included a striped bodice and a quilted hem) caused such a local stir that buy-



"DEAR ME, I'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG  
I THINK I'VE RECOVERED."

## FASHION

### The Chelsea Invasion

Dashing as diplomats and espionage agents, grand as poets, even grander as kings, the British are notorious duds when it comes to fashion. Though endowed with better-than-average raw material, Englishwomen intent on clothes that set them off had to cross at least a channel, sometimes a sea, to find them.



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GASLIGHT: IN A VIRGINIA DEVELOPMENT



NEAR ALEXANDRIA'S CITY HALL



OUT OF A LOS ANGELES POOL

*Ladies look lovelier, the split-level more antique.*

ers hurried over from abroad. Today, with a posh London office, a vast European market, and outlets in 45 American department stores, Mary Quant is a \$3,000,000-a-year business.

Others were quick to queue up. Jean Muir, also 30, bolted her stockroom job at London's Liberty's, moved in on the boom with a fanciful collection of narrow coats, smock dresses and knickers that nick off just above the knee. Sally Tuffin, 26, and Marion Foale, 25, the pop artists of the group, popped up with wild prints, impossible color combinations and a dress, called "Gruyère," with holes in its sleeves.

**Same Wave.** But it is Caroline Charles, 22, who most precisely defines the essence of the Chelsea Look. Veteran of a peripatetic childhood (as the daughter of an army officer, she followed the campfires from Cairo to Germany to Surrey), a convent education ("I went through all the phases, from knitting to riding to weaving") and a short stint at art school, she put in an apprentice term-selling dresses for Mary Quant, last year opened her own store in a Belgravia basement. Then Jordan's Princess Muna spotted her in one of her bright new coats in the lobby of the Dorchester Hotel, and Caroline found herself patronized by royalty. One commission led to another, and finally the arrival of a whole delegation from Macy's.

Currently in Manhattan to watch her newest collection take over Macy's show windows, Caroline Charles sees her success as part practical, part metaphysical. "We are all, you see," she says earnestly, "on the same wave length. We know that youth doesn't have to be kept under any more."

## FADS

### A New-Old Era

Onward, ever onward, sweeps technology toward a bright electronic world. And backward, ever backward, points the whimsical finger of fashion. Latest case in point: gas lamps.

That mellow old glow of mantled gas is bathing the front walks and herbaceous borders of thousands of ranch-

styles, split-levels, Cape Cod saltboxes and California moderns—lending what their owners hope is a touch of antiquarian distinction in a fluorescent world. In 1914, before the miracle of cheap electricity made them obsolete, some 290,000 gas lamps illuminated U.S. streets. Today there are no fewer than 1,075,000.

The boom, not exactly discouraged by the gas companies, began in 1957 and has zoomed since then to the point where a single utility—the Arkansas Louisiana Gas Co.—is selling the old lights at the rate of 100,000 a year. Three years ago, New Jersey Natural Gas Co. had no more than 300 gas lamps in its area; today there are 20,000. The Washington, D.C., Gas Light Co. began offering lamps only four months ago, is now selling them at the rate of 280 a week.

Prices vary, ranging from about \$25 for a plain colonial or modern lamp to about \$500 for a refurbished antique. The lamps burn night and day, but even so, the total cost is a modest \$1 to \$4 a month.

Real estate developers love them. One development in Annandale, Va., called Camelot, has gas lamps in every yard with King Arthur-style spears on top of them—producing what the developer calls a "soft community atmosphere." With the new demand, suppliers are offering a variety of styles. Beverly Hills' gaslight is currently running to flaming torches—preferably crossed. An even fancier idea is to run a gas pipe up nearly to the surface of a decorative pool so that a jet of flame seems to be burning right on the water. The Houston Natural Gas Corp. has sold 30,425 of the new-old outdoor lamps—taking ads to proclaim that ladies look lovelier by gaslight: "No other illumination on earth is quite so glamorous." Another company is working on an indoor gas fixture that will save women from having to go outdoors for that glamorous look.

Obviously, it is only a matter of time before the electric light is relegated to the underdeveloped countries of the world, and the really up-to-date thing will be whale oil.

## THE MARKETPLACE

### New Products

Improvement, it is said, is something there is always room for, and nowhere, it seems, is there so much room as in the kitchen—gadgetry's chief breeding ground. A trial of the latest kitchen improvements, more meaningful than most:

► A new ductless hood for the stove, just introduced by Puritron, uses electronics to cope with the smoke and grease that all too rapidly foul the usual hood's charcoal filter. A tiny ion tube of gold alloy releases a stream of negative ions when the hood is turned on, promptly attacking the positive ions in the air, around which the molecules of smoke and cooking odor gather. This precipitates the molecules on an easily washed aluminum filter—releasing fresh, clean air again. In three sizes and colors: \$39.95-\$69.95.

► Wall-to-wall carpeting is creeping into the kitchen—and making surprising sense there. The Roxbury Carpet Co. has developed a dense, shallow-pile nylon carpet in twelve colors, bonded to a three-sixteenths-inch sponge rubber backing that is so resistant to most stains that they can be easily removed with a wet sponge. Burned areas may be cut out and replaced without showing edges of a patched look. Eliminated are the hazards of slippery floors, the work of polishing to make them slippery, the breakage of any dropped plate or glass, and the fatigue of the stand-up kitchen walkathon on vinyl or linoleum. The price: \$10.95-\$14.95 per yd.

► For the man in the kitchen, draft beer has been a luxury involving cumbersome kegs, bothersome deposits, troublesome returns. Now Atlantic Brewing Co. and National Can Corp. have introduced a gallon can of draft beer and a dispenser called a Tap-a-Keg Home Tap for sale at retailers in the South and Midwest. The can, which is 6 by 9 inches, is disposable; the Tap-a-Keg, a spigot and squeeze-bulb device, is re-usable. The beer is genuine draft, must be shipped and stored under refrigeration. Price for a gallon of suds about \$1.50; for the Tap-a-Keg: \$4.50.





**The first chopper brings the forklift.  
The next one brings the ammo.**

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# U.S. BUSINESS

## LABOR

### A Common Thread of Trouble

Detroit's unexpected labor turmoil this year has had an unreal, occasionally downright unbelievable quality right from the start—but last week it turned into a full-fledged nightmare for the U.S. economy. As the United Auto Workers' strike against Ford entered its second senseless week, it seemed certain that some, and perhaps much, of the damage to the economy will be lasting. Any chance that the auto industry might top 8,000,000 units for calendar 1964, said Ward's Automotive Reports, "has been K.O.d." The industry has already had one of its worst introduction periods in recent history, thanks to the 31-day General Motors strike, and two poor months back to back could make their effects felt this winter not only in Detroit but around the entire U.S.

Still unwilling to settle such noneconomic matters as longer wash-up periods and the allocation of overtime, members of Ford local unions continued to walk out. The company closed 24 plants from Alabama to Minnesota, laid off 33,500 nonstrikers to bring the total of men out of work to 59,000. Ford's passenger car production is already 75% below capacity and unless the walkout ends this week, said President Arjay Miller, the nation's fourth biggest company will screech to a complete stop. The U.A.W. aggravated the problem by also striking Mack Trucks and White Motor Co.

**Angry Lieutenants.** In fact, as the nation looked around last week, it was faced with a sudden storm of labor turmoil. After 12 to 15 months of comparative labor calm, strikes or the threat of strikes suddenly hovered over such important industries as paper, railroads, shipping, meat packing and steel. Through many of these disparate disputes ran one common thread: a rebellion against national union chiefs by angry lieutenants, ambitious local leaders and restless rank and file. A new and independent union that recently ousted two less militant A.F.I.-C.I.O. unions shut down two-thirds of the West Coast paper industry by calling the first strike there in 30 years. In steel, the prospects of a strike next spring have been heightened by a battle for the presidency of the United Steelworkers (see THE NATION). And it is painfully obvious that Walter Reuther has had his hands full trying to control his disputatious local U.A.W. leaders.

This tendency to defy established union leadership is caused partly by a kind of anticommunism on the part of locals that want to play a bigger role, partly by the political and technological challenges—such as automation—that have created a climate of discontent in U.S. unions. To many in the rank and file, labor's aristocracy seems old, aloof,

often tyrannical, and too busy discouraging on foreign policy or participating in university colloquia to keep in touch with grass-roots concerns. Some annoying habits of union leaders that are ignored so long as they deliver—frequent travel, conspicuously high living—begin to pall when there is less left to deliver. Unionists call this the "high-hat issue" or "uppity unionism." To escape its onus, one U.A.W. troubleshooter in Pittsburgh refuses to wear white shirts, and a top officer of a food employees union says: "I wouldn't drive a Cadillac these days if you gave me one."

**Unaccustomed Challenges.** Recently the heads of the American Federation of Teachers, the International Long-

measure, the sudden wave of union power plays threatens U.S. business with the prospect of more wage demands, rugged bargaining and bothersome work stoppages.

## MANAGEMENT

### Watch That Man

Los Angeles Businessman Norton Simon plunges into his backyard swimming pool three times a day, but that is about the only way he ever plunges. Working from a base that includes California's \$400 million Hunt Foods & Industries and heavy investments in salad oil, matches, paint and publishing (McCall's), Simon plans his moves with the

J. EDWARD RILEY



STRIKING WORKERS OUTSIDE FORD'S WAYNE, MICH., PLANT  
Also at issue: uppity unionism and discourses on foreign policy.

shoremen's Association and the State County and Municipal Employees Union have been ousted. The leaders of the Textile Workers Union of America, the Building Services Union and the Communications Workers of America have been forced to fight unaccustomed challenges, and the President of the United Rubber Workers was recently rebuffed by his rank and file when he attempted to raise dues. For the first time since he founded the International Union of Electrical Workers in 1949, moody, mercurial James Carey is being strongly challenged for the presidency. The United Mine Workers' \$50,000-a-year president, Tony Boyle, is being challenged by a \$130-a-week miner.

Many businessmen are finding out the hard way that the secure, experienced labor chieftains are more pliable and reasonable than the local leaders who have lately vaulted to power. In union politics, where it often takes up to 30 years to rise to the top, the temptation is great to make a quick mark through excessive militancy. By any

care and strategy of a Clausewitz, West Virginia's Wheeling Steel (1963 sales: \$236 million) was surprised to find a few years back that Simon had quietly become one of its biggest stockholders, controlling 145,000 shares. Last week Norton Simon was elected Wheeling's chairman, replacing William A. Steele, who resigned a few weeks ago.

Simon will leave the actual running of the steel firm to others, but his takeover at Wheeling—where he owns only 8.8% of the stock—was certainly enough to make a few other people nervous. Among them: Leonard Goldenson, president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theaters, which a few months back turned down a bid from Stockholder Simon (controlling more than 200,000 shares) to become a board member, and Roy W. Moore Jr., president of Canada Dry, which let Simon onto its board in August after first rebuffing his bid. Simon owns a 23% interest in Canada Dry v. 2% for the company's managers collectively. He is clearly a man to watch—closely.

## THE ECONOMY

### A Bird's-Eye Look At the Countryside

Who benefits the most when U.S. householders buy more furniture? What would happen to sales of a paint company if the Government cut back defense spending on aircraft and missiles? Which U.S. industries stand to be hurt most by Britain's new 15% levy on imports? What effect would the proposed \$500 million cut in excise taxes have on various segments of the U.S. economy?

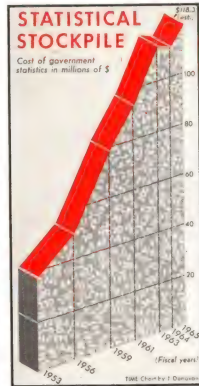
The answers to such questions have long been difficult or impossible to come by, although the Government is spending millions every year (\$118.3 million this fiscal year, up 29% over three years ago) to provide the growing flow of statistics that pour from 14 federal agencies. Despite the proliferation of statistics, no one had ever devised a master plan that would pull them all together, and even the experts were largely left in the dark about how an event in one area of the economy could affect a business or industry in another.

Last week the Commerce Department proudly brought forth a major new aid that will prove invaluable in analyzing the U.S. economy and its parts. It is called the input-output table, and its 24,044 computations are the result of five years and three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of work by a 20-man staff in Commerce's Office of Business Economics. Basically, the staff divided U.S. industry into 86 groups, painstakingly put precise numbers on the intricate interplay of sales and orders among them and tied the whole works for the first time to such basic statistical yardsticks as national income and gross national product. It thus created the first really 3-D view of the U.S. economy. "Input-output," says George Jaszi, head of the Office of Business Economics, "is a bird's-eye view of the economy, like looking at the countryside from an airplane."

**Fears of Regimentation.** The new view will make business and Government predictions more accurate, enable a businessman to see how a change in consumer demand, Government spending or taxes will affect his own enterprise, give him a better insight into who are his customers' customers (a notoriously foggy order) and show him where he is missing markets in which his competitors are selling. It enables a paint company, for example, to figure out its sales drop on a \$3 billion defense cut in missiles and aircraft. Input-output shows that the aerospace industry uses 0.245¢ of paint industry materials for every \$1 of sales, and that a \$3 billion drop in orders would thus mean a loss of \$7,300,000 in sales to the industry. Knowing that it had 10% of the market, a paint firm could expect a sales drop of \$730,000. Similarly, for each \$1,000,000 rise in demand for household furniture, fabric makers can

expect an extra \$98,880 in sales, wood companies \$182,000 and transportation and warehousing firms \$65,000.

The input-output tables are the brainchild of Harvard Professor Wassily W. Leontief, whose work persuaded the Government to begin the preparation of such tables in the late 1940s. Fearing that the system would prove a wedge for Government regulation of the entire economy, a group of businessmen led by General Motors Economist Stephen DuBrul in 1953 persuaded Defense Secretary Charles ("Engine Charlie") Wilson to halt work on it. But the



work got under way again in 1959 after Professor Raymond Goldsmith of Yale urged the Government to push ahead, and business fears of the tables have turned to open-armed welcome with the realization that they are an invaluable aid. Forty-five other nations are now working on their own input-output tables.

**Enough Elegance.** The tables will be revised every two or three years to register changes in the economy. Professor Leontief would like to see a further breakdown of the economy into 450 to 500 industries, feels that some federal statistics from which the tables are drawn are wanting (TIME, July 10). But he is pleased that his idea has been brought to the point where "the technician, not the philosopher, is needed. The tables will help end all the elegant economic theorizing that has up to now been done with too little data," he says. He is probably 85.6% correct.

## INDUSTRY

### Paying the Piper

Man has taken to burying many of the things that are important to him: his business records, the gold that backs his money, his nuclear missiles, and in some instances even his factories and food supply. Beneath a land that is becoming increasingly crowded on the surface, he has also buried the tubes through which flow much of his source of energy. Nowhere is this truer than in the U.S., where underground pipes now carry 42% of all the nation's energy (fuel in a vast network that stretches four times the length of all its railroads and 31 times that of its airline routes. The oil and natural gas that flow through this network (see map, overleaf) eventually turn turbines, heat buildings, power automobiles, and cook the food of the U.S. The whole process has produced a thriving pipeline industry.

Nearly 125 companies in the U.S. now transport energy by pipe. Last year they pumped 14.8 trillion cu. ft. of gas and 3.7 billion bbl. of crude oil or refined products. Snaking more pipe over rivers and bays, deserts and mountains, the industry this year will lay another 28,200 miles at a cost of \$1.8 billion. The biggest of the new, the 1,600-mile Colonial Pipeline up the East Coast, last week advanced to within 500 ft. of its terminus at Linden, N.J. Trans-Canada Pipe Lines has just applied to the Federal Power Commission for approval to build a \$200 million pipeline that will dip over the border into Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Three companies are competing to build a second gas line to link Texas and southern California at a cost exceeding \$300 million. In Washington State the Olympic oil products pipeline is pushing southward to serve Seattle and Portland with oil from the rich fields of Canada's Alberta.

**Cost & Controversy.** The pipeline companies, which mostly have their headquarters in oil-rich Houston or Tulsa, are essentially transportation companies that shy from outright ownership of production facilities. The 92 major oil pipeline companies that move 75% of all U.S. crude oil shipments and 45% of all finished products—ranging from jet fuels to tractor fuels—are owned either by individual oil companies or by consortiums. Service Pipe Line Co., the largest (14,000 miles of pipe), is a Standard Oil of Indiana subsidiary, and runner-up Humble Pipe Line Co. (11,700 miles) does two-thirds of its business with parent Humble Oil. On the other hand, the 28 natural gas pipeline companies—led by Tennessee Gas Transmission (11,540 miles of main line) and El Paso Natural Gas (10,719 miles)—are almost all publicly owned.

With a few exceptions, pipelines are usually very profitable, although as common carriers they are closely regulated—oil lines by the Interstate Commerce



NEW STEEL ARTERIES are burrowing through U.S. pastures, bayous and offshore waters at a stupendous rate, can carry everything from oil to molten sulphur. The 16-inch

above, being laid through wooded hills, will move 135,000 bbl. each day—the contents of 425 railway tank cars—from the far northwest corner of Washington to Portland, Ore.

# INVISIBLE

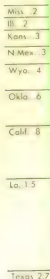
## A MILLION MILES



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



11 12 13 14



**U.S. CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION**  
(millions of barrels a day)



SEAGOING BARGE lays two miles of 10-in. crude-oil line every 24 hours as it plods south into the Gulf of Mexico below New Orleans. Parallel pontoons support

the seamless welded pipe; diver "walks the line" looking for telltale leak bubbles. Similar 150-man, air-conditioned Brown & Root barge is now at work in Persian Gulf.

Commission and gas by the Federal Power Commission. The industry's rising revenues reached \$4.5 billion last year. The oil lines' share of this profit comes from simply carrying other companies' crude or products for a fee, but gas pipelines buy natural gas at the wellhead, resell it at the far end at cost, plus an intricately figured fee. Because of recurring battles over rate increases with the consumer-minded FPC, the gas lines are usually involved in controversy. In a recent rate case, El Paso Natural Gas was ordered to give back \$155 million with interest to California utilities.

**Bigger & Thinner.** The pipelines are also battling with the railroads, which hope to remedy loss of shipments to pipelines with pipeline systems of their own. Southern Pacific operates 1,700 miles of line along its right of way from El Paso to Oregon, and the Pennsylvania, Great Northern and Missouri-Kansas-Texas all have sizable pipeline investments. To offset such inroads, the larger pipeline companies are diversifying. Tennessee Gas owns an insurance company (Tennessee Life), two Houston skyscrapers, three chemical companies and a bank; El Paso is half owner with Rexall Drug of a plastics company.

The brightest hope for improved earnings, however, lies in technological advance. Pipeline companies this year will buy 1,600,000 tons of pipe from steel companies, which have steadily made their pipes longer, stronger and thinner-walled. The proposed Trans-Canada line, for example, would safely cross 45 miles of current in the Straits of Mackinac with improved pipe, and pipe has been laid 170 ft. deep in the Gulf of Mexico. By developing underground storage vaults, gas companies have also been able to keep up with heavy winter demand and prop up summer prices. In the marshy New Jersey meadows, Transcontinental Gas Pipe Line Corp. is freezing thousands of yards of mud, scooping a hole out of the middle and filling it with gas chilled to -258° F. to liquefy it.

**That Charcoal Aroma.** The U.S. is nearly saturated with main lines now, but the rush to build distribution lines continues. The cost: from \$100,000 a mile in rural Alabama to \$1,000,000 a mile in suburban New York. The oil v. gas competition is also heating up. The oil industry already pipelines directly to such airports as Washington's Dulles, New York's Kennedy and Chicago's O'Hare, where jet fuel demand is heavy; it is also planning lines directly into neighborhood service stations to replace tank trucks, considering community tanks from which metered home oil burners could draw directly as gas burners do. For its part, the gas industry is pushing a "total energy concept," in which pipelined gas will do everything from generate electricity to cool air and heat water. Gas companies are already demonstrating a backyard barbecue that is fired by natural gas. It includes, they insist, even the charcoal aroma.

## MERCHANDISING

### Strength in Variety

S.S. Kresge is a man as well as a variety store, and, at 97, he was recently called out of retirement to address the annual meeting of the chain that he forged. While stockholders applauded, old S.S. (for Sebastian Spreng) got up and exhorted them to make Kresge "an outstanding five-and-ten-cent syndicate." That did not jibe with President Harry B. Cunningham's idea of his job, and he rose to his feet and said so. Smiling, he reminded everyone that the nation's third largest variety chain (after F.W. Woolworth and W.T. Grant) has expanded far beyond its old dime-store stage and is, in fact, quite a different creature. This small semantic difference highlights a new philosophy that



KRESGE WITH PHOTO OF FIRST STORE  
Replacing the tawdry with color TV.

has set all the variety chains off on their biggest spree of change and expansion.

**Pheasant & Paperbacks.** Most of the chains have begun to emulate the discount, drug and department stores that in recent years have lured away some of their traditional lower-priced business. This week Kresge will open seven more of its big K-Mart discount houses, bringing the total to 88 out of a chain of 870 stores. Last week Grant (1,097 stores) started building another of its huge Grant City stores, which are so much like department stores that they sell color TV sets and high-fashion clothes. J.J. Newberry (548 stores) has opened 24 department stores under the name "Britts," and S.H. Kress is busy with plans to redesign the interiors of many of its 270 variety stores to make them look less jumbled. Declaring its intention of becoming the world's biggest discounter, giant Woolworth (4,192 stores in North America and Europe) has opened 16 "Woolco" discount stores and expects to add 11 more within a year.

The chains still stock plenty of merchandise that is tasteless or downright tawdry, but they are also selling more and more higher-quality, higher-profit items. Kresge's K-Marts now offer some 35,000 items, including such new additions as hi-fi sets and frozen string beans. Woolworth's stocks diamond

earrings at \$99.95, electric organs at \$79.95 and canned Scottish pheasant at \$6.98, has become the nation's largest retailer of records (40 million last year) and paperback books (15 million). Already the world's largest restaurant chain (1,706 luncheonettes), it is also planning to serve liquor in some of its "Harvest House" restaurants outside the stores. Grant's has auto service stations and prescription pharmacies, and both Grant and Woolworth now offer 24-month credit plans.

**Point & Profits.** To keep up with change, the chains are rapidly adopting self-service (Woolworth now has it in 80% of its stores) and moving toward larger stores. Grant's new centers



NEW STORE OPENING IN FLORENCE, ALA.

sprawl over 3½ acres of floor space. Woolworth is placing most of its new stores in downtown areas instead of suburbs because President Robert C. Kirkwood senses "a trend of rejuvenation in the center city." In declining fringe neighborhoods, Kresge has converted its old and unprofitable stores into small-inventory cut-rate stores that sell only limited lines—the fastest selling shades of paint, the most-in-demand sized bra (34).

Though the costs of expansion and modernization run high, the chains are profiting from their new look. Woolworth, which announced record nine-month sales and earnings a fortnight ago, expects to increase its \$1.2 billion sales by 15% this year; Grant's sales are running 10% ahead of last year's \$699 million. After a money-losing 1963, the McCrory chain (583 variety stores) and J.J. Newberry have pulled back into the black. Kresge's sales (\$504 million last year) are growing at a rate of 25% so far this year, and the company hopes to catch up soon with second-place Grant. Nothing would please S.S. Kresge more than to see that happen to his five and tens, by whatever newfangled name anyone chooses to call them.

## CORPORATIONS

### New Life in Old Wires

To millions of Americans, the 113-year-old Western Union Telegraph Co. means bicycling messengers in green uniforms, miles of wire-carrying poles along railroad tracks and yellow shafts of light from all-night offices. The telegram business still accounts for more than half of the company's revenues, but it is dwindling along with the poles and messengers. Venerable Western Union is transforming itself into a new kind of telecommunications giant, using the latest pushbutton automation to provide a range of services as broad as electronic wizardry allows. This week, from the top of its 24-story brick-pile



MICROWAVE ANTENNA ATOP WESTERN UNION BUILDING

Flowers and H-bomb warnings fly through the air.

headquarters in lower Manhattan, the company will inaugurate its biggest diversification yet: a 7,500-mile \$80 million transcontinental microwave system that will transmit teletype, telephone, facsimile or computer-tape messages with equal ease.

**Stocks & Candy.** Western Union has already gone a long way toward shedding its 19th century image. It operates a nationwide system for the Air Force designed to detect nuclear bomb explosions, an automatic teletypewriter network that serves 9,129 customers in 2,000 U.S. cities and a private telephone system for the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington Stock Exchange. Its 30,000-mile facsimile-data-voice net serves the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and a bigger hookup works for the Pentagon. In September, it opened a "broad-band exchange service" to 19 cities that not only combines telephone, teletype and facsimile communication but enables computers to send data across the nation.

The source of all this bustle is Walter Peter Marshall, 63, the company's

\$141,000-a-year president. A Brooklyn-born, Manhattan-schooled accountant who is one-eighth Cherokee, Marshall got into communications accidentally by answering a help-wanted ad by All America Cables in the mistaken belief that it manufactured cables rather than sent them. After working up to executive vice president of Postal Telegraph, he came to Western Union in the 1943 merger that gave W.U. a monopoly on domestic telegraph business. When he became president in 1948, Western Union looked ready for the undertaker. With a creaking plant, antique methods and little research, it was losing money at a \$1,000,000-a-month clip.

Marshall has rescued the company by automating to trim payroll costs



MARSHALL TRYING NEW SYSTEM

from 69% of revenue to 57% last year, by closing unprofitable telegraph offices and by adding such new services as flower orders, wake-up calls and candy-by-wire in the 15,000 offices that remain. The company has made money every year since 1950, last year netted \$16.8 million on \$297 million in sales.

**Frequent Clashes.** Battling to revive Western Union, Marshall has repeatedly clashed with American Telephone & Telegraph (usually protesting to the FCC that A. T. & T. rates on its private-line networks are unfairly low), but the two companies see eye to eye about one thing: the future. Says Marshall: "A. T. & T. says the data and private-line business will grow to several billion dollars by 1970. I agree, and I expect our share to be in the hundred-millions." To keep W.U. healthy, Marshall plans to push data and private-line business still harder, mesh private telegrams into his teletypewriter network, and use telegraph offices as merchandise outlets. Despite such changes, one W.U. tradition is still reasonably intact: singing telegrams remain available in 285 cities.

## OPINION

### A Voice in Dissent

The world of economics is astray. Government is taking an increasingly poor hand in the economy; economists are testing new theories that are overturning older methods. It is a time when those who prize ordered theories and predictable patterns are in the distinct minority. That minority nonetheless has its voices—and one of the most articulate is that of John Davenport, an assistant managing editor of *FORTUNE*, whose book on *The U.S. Economy* has just been published by Henry Regner.

Davenport is a sort of Emerson of economics, eloquently pleading the case for self-reliance, individualism, and a more humane order of things. Last week, appearing before New York's prestigious Economic Club, which has heard such speakers as John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev, Davenport threw down the gauntlet in a speech that, together with his book, is a testament to what he calls the value of "traditional wisdom." He not only deplores the easy credit, deficit spending and rampant inflation that he sees around him but criticizes many measures that have been welcomed into the mainstream of economic thinking. He opposes the closed shop, considers minimum-wage laws "ill-advised" and partly responsible for unemployment, argues that the 15% tax on foreign securities bought by Americans is "definitely dangerous," and would like to revise the progressive features of the income tax laws. At the core of his philosophy is the belief that "manipulative government, instead of laying down the rules of the road, will in fact try to drive the car along the road."

In his book, Davenport also takes aim at a number of highly regarded targets. ▶ The idea that profits can be excessive or fixed at some "reasonable" level is among the "fallacies" plaguing the economy. A company should be allowed to charge what the market will bear, period.

▶ "The straight economic gains from unionism have been much overrated, and, insofar as they occur, are almost always achieved at the expense of other workers."

▶ Government spending should be based on the intrinsic "merits" of what the money is spent for rather than turned on or off to help the economy.

▶ The Government should encourage farmers to change crops or even leave the land by progressively lowering price supports, since controls are "a mounting burden and danger."

Such views are not likely to get Davenport many invitations to Washington these days, but he avoids partisanship by judging economic events against the goal of "human liberty and the limitation of government power." He cautions against "confusing what is with what ought to be." No doubt many economists will feel that Davenport has ended up by equating what was with what ought to be.

# Would you still buy Chivas Regal if it cost \$2 less?

You might well feel some suspicion if we were to cut our price.

Could it be the same old Chivas Regal if it cost as little as younger Scotches?

The answer is: No, it couldn't.

There are no bargains in Scotch whisky.

Chivas Regal is made, in far from staggering quantity, with prize whiskies from Strathisla-Glenlivet, the oldest distillery in Scotland. (Of which we happen to be the proud owners.)

We age every drop twelve years. In old sherry casks, which cost us £35 apiece.

A lot of people consider it to be the smoothest of all Scotches.

Perhaps some of them bought their first bottle of Chivas Regal just because it's expensive.

But they continue to drink it because they like the taste.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)  
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.





# WORLD BUSINESS

## COMMON MARKET

### A Question of Exceptions

For months, one of the world's brightest hopes in the field of international business has quietly been getting nowhere. The Kennedy Round of tariff-cutting talks\* in Geneva, which was envisioned as the first bold step toward a free-trading Atlantic Community, has been hung up by delays and disagreements since its opening in May. The negotiations resumed this week in Geneva, where each nation presented a top-secret list of sensitive and important products that it wishes exempted from the tariff bargaining. Last week, as 45 nations prepared to dispatch their lists to the 19th century Geneva villa where Leo Tolstoy once lived, a new crisis in the Common Market once more showed that France not only is lukewarm about the Kennedy Round but could frustrate it at any time.

After insisting that Europe must reach a common agreement to cut farm tariffs before it would negotiate about industrial tariffs, the U.S. recently relented and urged that tariff talks proceed, for the time being, without a common agricultural policy. Last week France agreed to give the Germans, whose high grain prices have proved a stumbling block, more time to come to terms. That seemed very magnanimous of the French—but they had something up their sleeve. When the Common Market Commission met in Brussels and proposed that the Six adopt a compromise list of 210 exempt items involving about 12% of the Market's imports, France balked. Having neutralized the Germans by its farm concession, France now demanded that another 130 items be tacked on to the industrial list, and Italy joined in with a demand for another 68. The additions could swell the Common Market lists of exemptions to

more than 20% of the Market's imports—meaning further trouble for the Kennedy Round.

The U.S. has held its own list to less than 10% of the 5,000 items under negotiation. Among its exemptions: steel, lead and zinc, glassware, stainless-steel flatware. Even before adding to the list, Europe's protectionists had called for special protection for their aluminum, textiles, watches and sewing machines. Early this week, after desperate all-night bargaining, the French and their Italian allies gave in a bit, agreed to a list somewhat short of their original demands but much above what the Germans wanted.

Although the disputes strained Europe's unity, the French seemed unlikely to go so far as to break up the Common Market—if only because they have gained so much from it. Since 1958, the six members' gross national products have grown by an average 30% (vs. the U.S.'s 23%, Britain's 16%), and their exports to one another have doubled. France has done much better than the average; its exports to the Market countries have nearly tripled, to \$3.1 billion. If France is too protectionist to want any meaningful tariff cuts, it nonetheless could turn the market into a narrow, inward-looking organization. And if it persists in its demand for a lengthy exception list, it may well bog down the Kennedy Round for many more months.

## WORLD TRADE

### A Taste for Yankee Food

Who would have thought that canned minestrone could be sold to the Italians, instant tortilla meal to the Guatemalans, ready-to-serve treacle pudding to the British, or any culinary quickie to the French? The Americans, naturally—and U.S. food processors have done all that with remarkable success. Around the world, but especially in Western Europe, they are finding a ready market for foods processed the

American way, whether they be canned, concentrated, dehydrated, frozen, pre-cooked or ready-mixed. Last year U.S. food companies did a \$3.7 billion business in foods processed abroad, and this year they are investing about \$154 million more in foreign plants.

Nearly every major U.S. food company has taken a bite. Since 1958, Campbell Soup has laid out about \$50 million to start operations in Britain, Italy, Belgium, France, Mexico and Australia. Beatrice Foods, strictly domestic only three years ago, now has plants, joint ventures and franchise agreements to turn out dairy products, candies and snacks in 17 countries. Corn Products has built up an extensive world empire of 63 plants in 27 countries; Borden has 30 overseas plants, General Foods 23, Kellogg 19 and General Mills five. H. J. Heinz, General Foods and Kellogg have all opened plants in Japan. Green Giant is building a vegetable canning plant near Milan, and Libby, McNeill & Libby in July opened a new cannery at Vauvert in southern France. This week, to the distress of French poultrymen, a company jointly owned by Ralston Purina and France's Duquesne opens a large poultry processing plant in Brittany.

**Beans and Biscuits.** The reasons for success abroad are the same ones that made convenience foods popular in the U.S.: growing incomes, less domestic help, more women away at work, changing tastes. Many foreigners, of course, do not take to such American gastronomic institutions as peanut butter and TV dinners, and some are still wary of canned goods. But American-type fruit juice, instant desserts, frozen chicken, ketchup, canned and packaged soups and precooked rice have won a prominent place on foreign shelves.

Kellogg and Quaker Oats have seized 73% of the growing market for breakfast cereals in Britain. Heinz 63% of that country's \$70 million-a-year haked-bean market and 61% of its canned-soup howl. Led by General Mills, Na-



CHEESE IN GERMANY



SOUP IN JAPAN



HOT DOGS IN MEXICO



CEREAL IN BRITAIN

But not everyone goes for peanut butter.



The mark above was created in 1491 by Bernardino Benali and Matthio De Parma, partners and master printers of Venice. In an age of elegance and refinement, it earned recognition as a symbol of good taste and artistry expressed in precision craftsmanship. In today's world of business, IBM<sup>®</sup> typewriters achieve similar acceptance. The unique IBM "Executive"<sup>™</sup> Typewriter does this by complementing your correspondence with the look of fine printing...creating impressions beyond words.

What we need now to discover in the social realm is the moral equivalent of war;  
 something heroic that will speak to man as universally as war does,  
 and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war has proved to be incompatible.

(THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, 1900; WILLIAM JAMES)

ARTIST: PAULINE BOTY



GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN...one of a series

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



tional Biscuit and Pillsbury, U.S. companies now control half of the French biscuit business. A Carnation subsidiary produces 85% of all the evaporated milk sold in France, and Corn Products' Knorr soups have half the German market. In Germany, a Kraft Foods subsidiary sells a line of 100 products, including cheeses and complete packaged spaghetti or rice dinners.

**More Supermarkets.** Many native dishes have also been given the American treatment. In Brazil, International Packers of Chicago cans and sells *feijoado*, the country's traditional black bean, rice and pork dish. When Quaker Oats moved into Italy, it found a win-

ning product in precooked two-minute *polenta*, the cornmeal mush without which no meal in rural northern Italy is complete. Last week in Mexico, where the hot dog is becoming nearly as popular as the hot tamale. General Foods began selling jars of the fiery chocolate sauce called *mole*. Though the French have remained staunchly traditionalist in the foods they eat, they have developed a liking for modern baby foods. Reason: by introducing such baby foods as smoked ham, filet of sole and cream of bananas to please the parents' palates, Gerbers appealed to the buyers rather than the consumers, who have little choice in the matter.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Frankie Avalon, 24, rock-'n'-roller turned cinemastar (*Muscle Beach Party*), and Kay Deibel, 26, former dental technician; their second child, second son; in Los Angeles.

**Born.** To Milton Apollo Obote, 39, Prime Minister of Uganda; and Miria Katite Obote, 28; their first child, a son; in Kampala.

**Married.** Lance Reventlow, 28, auto-racing son of Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton; and Cheryl Holdridge, 19, California-born starlet (*A Summer Place*); he for the second time (his first: Jill St. John); in Hollywood. Mom's wedding present: a \$500,000 mansion in Benedict Canyon, near San Francisco.

**Died.** Fred Hutchinson, 45, hot-tempered, hard-driving manager of the Cincinnati Reds baseball team, a pennant winner in 1961; of lung cancer, which forced him to retire last August; in Bradenton, Fla.

**Died.** Jimmie Dodd, 54, impresario of Walt Disney's TV kiddie show, the *Mickey Mouse Club*, from its beginning in 1955 to its finale in 1959, who proved beyond doubt that youth is a state of mind by wearing his "mouseketeer" ears like a crown and praising patience, protein, and Brussels sprouts as if they were the show's sponsors; after a short illness; in Honolulu.

**Died.** Heinrich von Brentano, 60, West Germany's benign, scholarly Foreign Minister from 1955 to 1961, a founder and former floor leader of Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party, who as minister enthusiastically echoed *der Alte's* support for NATO and the Common Market, while quietly pushing his own vision of a "Christian Western Europe" that would share a single culture, religion and constitution; of cancer; in Darmstadt, Germany.

**Died.** Dr. Murdock Eguen, 72, founder and chief of staff of Atlanta's Ponce de Leon Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat In-

firmary, who in the early 1940s came to the rescue of mothers everywhere by pioneering the use of tiny magnets to retrieve from the throats, stomachs and lungs of children all manner of metal objects previously removed by surgery or not at all; of a stroke; in Atlanta.

**Died.** Randall Davey, 77, leader of Santa Fe's art colony, best known for equestrian studies that convey the raw-edged excitement of race tracks with gaudy colors and slapdash compositions, but most appreciated for his brutally incisive portraits (at fees up to \$10,000) of such notables as John Galsworthy and the late Defense Secretary James Forrestal; of injuries when his Jaguar overturned near Baker, Calif.

**Died.** Walter Deane Fuller, 82, president (1934-50), chairman (1950-57), and most recently director of the Curtis Publishing Co., business-side head of the company before its spectacular decline; of peritonitis following a ruptured appendix, just before he was to attend a directors' meeting to ponder Curtis' troubles; in Philadelphia (see PRESS).

**Died.** Montagu Phippen Porch, 87, British soldier, archaeologist and colonial civil servant, who in 1914 at the age of 37 met Lady Randolph Churchill (then 60) at a ball in Rome, married her four years later to become stepfather to Britain's future Prime Minister, Sir Winston, his senior by almost three years; in Glastonbury, England.

**Died.** Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel, 88, leader of New Orleans' Roman Catholics from 1935 to 1962 and his church's most outspoken integrationist in the hard-core South, a German-born, Harlem-trained priest who shortly before his retirement found himself the target of a Ku Klux Klan burning cross and the concentrated opposition of many prominent New Orleans Catholics (the excommunicated three), nevertheless went ahead and integrated all 153 parochial schools in his archdiocese; of pneumonia; in New Orleans.

## "The challenge is great, the promise immense"

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# SHOW BUSINESS

## THEATER ABROAD

### The Character Speaks Out

Mining recent history for villains and heroes has turned into a profitable industry. By implying that Pope Pius XII was guilty—at least by omission—of not staying the Nazi slaughter of the German Jews, Playwright Rolf Hochhuth, in *The Deputy*, racked the stages of Europe and Broadway with controversy. Now another play, *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, by another German playwright, Heinar Kipphardt, now playing in Berlin and Munich, has become the talk of Europe. One key difference: Pius was dead and unable to refute the charges; J. Robert Oppenheimer, current Director of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, is very much alive, and furious.

Ostensibly the new Oppenheimer play is based on the 3,000-page transcript of the Atomic Energy Commission hearings. And at moments, real-life testimony reads better than *Strangelove* and *Fail-Safe*, as when Oppenheimer says: "In all Russia there are only two targets where a hydrogen bomb would make sense—Moscow and Leningrad—whereas in the U.S. we have 50. Before we opened the door to this horrifying new world in which we live today, we should have knocked. But we have chosen to fall into the house together with the door."

Where the play is flawed is not so much in inflating Senator Joe McCarthy, who appears as a dark, looming cloud over Washington, but rather in what Oppenheimer himself sharply calls "improvisations which were contrary to history and to the nature of the people involved." Oppenheimer branded as false the script's statement that Physicist Niels Bohr disapproved of the work at Los Alamos because he was worried about domination by the military. "Bohr understood and welcomed what we were doing," says Oppenheimer.

An even graver distortion is the

script's assertion that Oppenheimer felt that in making the bomb, "we have done the work of the devil." "This is the very opposite of what I think," said the real Oppenheimer last week. "I had never said that I regretted participating in a responsible way in the making of the bomb." In a letter to Playwright Kipphardt threatening suit, Oppenheimer added, "You may well have forgotten Guernica, Dachau, Coventry, Belsen, Warsaw, Dresden and Tokyo. I have not."

## TELEVISION

### The President's Week

It was like old times. There was Harry Truman ranting away in people's living rooms, almost as if it were 1950 and the old Zenith console with the round eye was down out of the attic.

Predictably enough, Truman was vigorously booing General Douglas MacArthur all over the inside of the tube. At 80, Truman seemed somewhat short of breath, but what there was of it

would have curled leather. "Some of them get the big head," he said, assessing the man he fired. "I was the commander in chief, and I had to make up my mind what I would do with an insubordinate general . . . He was trying to get himself in good with one of the big parties of the government of the United States . . . He didn't fool anybody. Least of all did he fool me."

"Lincoln had to fire five generals. In fact he had to fire McClellan twice. McClellan was about as egotistical as MacArthur—and that's giving him his due, because I don't think he was quite as smart as MacArthur . . . After the surrender treaty, I named MacArthur the head of the occupation of Japan. And that's where his egotism came out." When Truman and MacArthur met at Wake Island, "some of the boys said he didn't even salute me." Harry went on. "I didn't give a damn."

**Arrogant & Conceited.** Harry apparently didn't give a damn either when, halfway through taping the two-part MacArthur series last March, he heard that MacArthur was gravely ill. "I'm going to die soon too," he snapped as he ordered the show to go on. "We're both old men. This is history." This free-swinging, give-'em-hell attitude makes Truman's vendetta extraordinarily lively television, at the same time giving the whole series the somewhat dubious hue of yellow journalism.

MacArthur's career is traced in old film clips from the prewar Philippines (young Ike appears as a fresh-faced staff officer running messages for "imperial" Mac) through the Pacific and Korean wars. MacArthur's military accomplishments are somewhat grudgingly acknowledged, but to prove his thesis what Truman seizes on with evident relish are such anecdotes as that of the general who had thought MacArthur's father was the most egotistical and self-centered man on earth—until he met MacArthur himself.

**The Trouble with Generals.** *Decision* is the first series ever to star a former President of the United States, and Tru-



TRUMAN & MacARTHUR  
He plain didn't give a damn.



McCarthy image on scenery



"Oppenheimer" on stage

He for one had not forgotten.





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man's unreined personality is the whole show. He will be keeping it up for 26 weeks. His program, syndicated in nearly 60 cities, is his ultimate personal soapbox, on which he intends to tell his version of the story—if not for once, for all. In future weeks he will discuss everything from the atom bomb to the Berlin airlift, but mainly he will simply aim his chin at the camera and let fly.

As a historical record, the program is matchless, because no book could give a sense of it nearly so well. It shows Truman at his off-the-cuff best—and worst. In this week's show, for example, he can't resist asserting that generals in general make lousy Presidents. Not only was Grant a bad one, according to Harry, but also "the very recent one, about whom I hesitate to talk now."

He hesitates for about 11 seconds. "His name was General Eisenhower," says Truman blinking devilishly.

## The Badge of Courage

NBC saved the fall's best new television series until after the election. *Profiles in Courage*, premiered last week and based on President Kennedy's book, proves to be a bracing antidote to the plethora of two-dimensional tele-dramas in which tinsel laurels automatically crown the good guy. Adult in theme, effectively written and excellently acted, the series will for 26 weeks focus on characters from American history, many obscure but united by a common bond—their willingness to risk and if necessary sacrifice their careers for their ideals. Happily scheduled for early Sunday evening, a prime kiddie viewing hour, it also packs a grown-up message, articulated by Kennedy himself in a 1957 recording of the conclusion of his book: "The stories of past courage can define that ingredient—they can teach, they can offer hope, they can provide inspiration. But they cannot supply courage itself. For this each man must look into his own soul."

**Ruined Chances.** Disconcertingly, for those who have read the book, the series started with two figures, one of whom was given only two paragraphs by Kennedy, the other mentioned not at all. Reason is that Producer Robert Sandek, who has been responsible for much of the best in television, from *Omnibus* to the New York Philharmonic, needed fourteen more profiles than President Kennedy had chronicled. But Kennedy himself approved the additional choices.

The series opened with Oscar W. Underwood, the Alabama Senator who could have stayed in the running for nomination in the 1924 Democratic Convention but chose to push for a plank condemning the Ku Klux Klan, thus running his chances and subsequently losing his seat in the Senate and his whole political career.

**Hot Threats.** Producer Sandek has hired good actors. Sidney Blackmer, who played the defense attorney in a



BLACKMER AS UNDERWOOD

A defined, unbreakable ingredient.

*Case of Liebel*, was an effective Underwood, and Victor Jory was full of smoke and chalk, manning the blackboards as Underwood's campaign manager. But best of all, the Underwood program gave a bearded-forehead impression of oldtime political conventions, with 103 ballots and whispered threats in hot hotel rooms. Ironically, it was good television about the good old days before political conventions were ruined by television.

This week the show profiled one of Sandek's added starters, Mary S. McDowell, a Brooklyn schoolteacher who lost her job in 1917 because she refused to sign a loyalty oath or do Red Cross work. She was a Quaker and a pacifist and she knew what she believed, even though her hope for marriage had ended when a boy who loved her died in France. Of the two plays so far, this one was somewhat the better, largely because Rosemary Harris was so gently formidable as an embodiment of unbreakable principle.

## BROADWAY

### Return of the Icemen

This was going to be the season of the big thaw—the melting of the \$10 million glacier of box-office ice, which is Broadway's term for ticket scalpers' profits. But last week Manhattan's District Attorney arrested nine ticket salesmen on charges of scalping. Tickets to *How to Succeed* were selling for \$20 apiece, and the scalpers were even dealing in ducats for the lowly New York Mets.

To show why ice continues to form, the D.A. released a list of the scalpers' customers, among them some of Manhattan's most upstanding corporations: First National City Bank, United States Steel Corp., American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Kenvon & Eckhardt Advertising Agency, the Chemical Bank New York Trust Co., Leeds Music Corp., and Hanes Hosiery, Inc.



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**BROADCAST**

## How to put a story in a box

Television has created the need for a new kind of newsman. In some smaller stations, he must handle a camera, write his story and appear on the air.

Nothing on TV is more important than newscast, yet standards and training for pictorial coverage have been left to chance for most of the industry.

With its experience in both news and television, TIME LIFE Broadcast was in a unique position to do something about the quality of local TV newscast.

In cooperation with the Radio Television News Directors Association, TIME LIFE held the first industry-wide conference on newscast standards in New York this year.

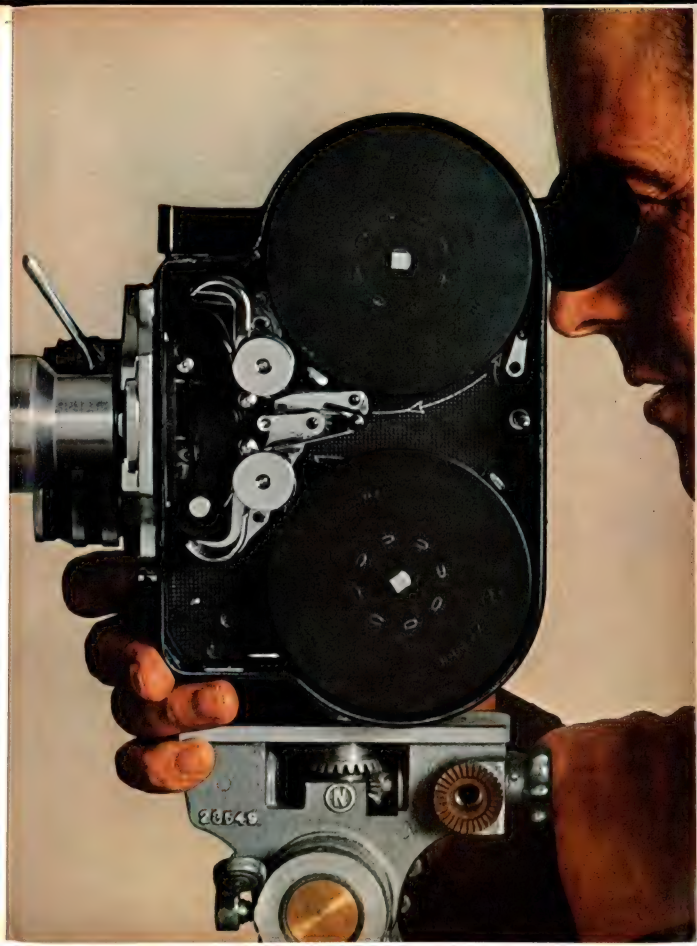
More than 200 newsmen from all over the country attended. Experts discussed every aspect of the field from the importance of a steady hand to editing and writing of commentary.

Out of that conference has come a book, "Manual of Newscast Standards." It is available in deluxe or paperback through RTNDA or TIME LIFE Broadcast, N.Y.

It is hoped that out of shared knowledge and experience will come more professional and perceptive performance of the journalistic function in television.

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## RELIGION

### THE VATICAN COUNCIL

#### A Mind of Its Own

Out of respect for the freedom of the Vatican Council, Pope Paul VI has stayed away from its working sessions and avoided expressing opinions on the matters before it. But because of his great interest in the subject, he went to St. Peter's when the prelates began deliberating the schema on missions. Shunning the papal throne, he took a seat among the council's twelve cardinal-presidents and gave a brief speech on the schema. He pronounced it generally satisfactory and urged its approval as a basic text for further revision. The council fathers responded by rejecting the schema 1,601 to 311.

**Bows & Arrows.** Clearly, none of the prelates intended to affront the Pope. Just as clearly, their vote indicated that the council does have a mind of its own, and that the bishops cannot be satisfied with platitudes. The schema was denounced in language so harsh that the moderator of the discussion pleaded with the bishops to be more temperate. Irish-born Bishop Daniel Lamon of Rhodesia, for example, complained: "We needed fire and they give us a candle. We wanted powerful weapons to do the battles of the Lord and they give us bows and arrows."

The harsh attack on the missions schema suggested that the third session of the council may be as unproductive, in terms of the volume of documents approved, as the second—although for a different reason. Last fall's session was frustrated by the dilatory maneuvers of the council's conservatives. This time the pace has been slowed by the progressive majority, which has called for radical revisions of every schema presented for debate. The missions document was one of seven shortened items that council authorities hoped would skate by without any trouble; the first three to be voted on were criticized so severely that they must be completely rewritten.

**Reality v. Romanism.** By and large, criticism of the third session's agenda has been in the interest of greater realism rather than Romanism, clarity rather than cliché. Challenging the schema on religious orders last week, Belgium's Leo Josef Cardinal Suenens attacked the "ridiculous complications" of nuns' flowing habits, "which give the impression that the church is growing old rather than trying to renew itself in order to meet the needs of the day."

Another schema, on "The Church and the Modern World," denounced nuclear weapons that have "effects greater than can be imagined" as "most wicked." Some European and Oriental prelates wanted to make this denunciation even more specific; but Auxiliary Bishop Philip Hannan of Washington and Archbishop George Andrew Beck

of Liverpool argued that the schema said too much about banning the bomb and too little about disarmament controls. Beck said that the council should not be too quick to condemn governments that have kept the peace and freedom through the nuclear deterrent: "To turn the other cheek is a counsel of perfection addressed to individuals, not to governments that have a grave duty to defend the citizens entrusted to their authority." The schema was sent back for rewriting.

### ECUMENISM

#### Turning Four Churches into One

Countless small-town main streets in the U.S. bear sad witness to obsolete ecclesiastical rivalry: once handsome Protestant churches that are closed or kept barely alive by a small, zealous congregation. In such places, low-level ecumenism and merger make spiritual sense—and how it can be done has just been shown by the 288 citizens of Schellsburg, Pa.

A peaceful farming village in the Alleghenies, Schellsburg had for more than 70 years supported four churches—St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran, Schellsburg Methodist, Schellsburg Presbyterian, and St. John's Reformed (United Church of Christ). But since World War II, the community's population has steadily dropped. None of the congregations numbered more than 85; none could afford a full-time minister. When the Methodist church burned in 1945, the congregation took to renting the Presbyterian church for twice-a-month services. Three of four congregations have operated a Sunday school in common since 1947.

**Trial Marriage.** Schellsburg was thus a classic example of the "overchurched" village, and in 1963 the Pennsylvania Council of Churches and denominational leaders persuaded the four congregations to undertake a trial marriage under the auspices of the United Church. Not only was St. John's the newest and largest of the four plants, but the United Church was able to supply a full-time minister, the Rev. Daniel Kratz, 32.

By trial and error, Kratz and lay leaders of the four congregations worked out an acceptable melding of the different church traditions. The teetotaling Lutherans of St. Matthew's were accustomed to using grape juice instead of wine at their Communion services, and were willing to adopt the other churches' usage of ordinary loaf bread instead of unleavened wafers. The Presbyterians, in turn, agreed to take Communion at the altar rail instead of in the pew. Both the Methodists and the Presbyterians accepted the phrasing of the Apostles' Creed used at St. Matthew's—Christ descended into Hell (rather than Hades), and the

Holy Catholic (not Christian) Church.

To please the Presbyterians and Methodists, Schellsburg worshippers ask God in the Lord's Prayer to forgive them their "debts" at church services; in Sunday school they use the Lutheran "trespasses." For his order of worship, Kratz borrowed prayers from all four service books, and composed a few himself. Lutheran and United Church hymns are used. At first, Methodists complained about the solemnity and intricate tonality of the Lutheran chants. Kratz satisfied their wish for more spirited songs by using revival hymns at Sunday school.

**High Attendance.** For a few church members, the new way of worship was too much of a shock, and they refused



KRATZ & SCHELLSBURG'S UNITED  
The Lutherans agreed to bread.

to attend the services. One conservative Presbyterian opposed the merger as a Communist plot. But the great majority of the four congregations liked the compromise forms and the experience of worshipping together in a large group. Except on Easter Sunday, attendance seldom averaged more than 25 for each of Schellsburg's four churches; now there is a regular congregation of 130 at the new church, including some families that previously belonged to no church at all.

Last month, after nearly a year of living with the experiment, Schellsburg's Protestants voted 101 to 25 to dissolve their four separate congregations. Next week, they will celebrate the first formal services of the newly organized United Church of Schellsburg. On hand will be officials of the four denominations and of the National Council of Churches, who believe that the give-and-take approach of the Schellsburg congregations is an example that can be followed with profit by other overchurched communities.

## THE LAW

### CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

#### Unfair Integration

The modern South has learned its lesson: there is no legal justification for systematically excluding Negroes from juries. But what if Negroes are deliberately included?

In 1960 a Negro named Woodman J. Collins was convicted and sentenced to death for the "aggravated rape" of a white woman in Louisiana's Jefferson Davis Parish. On appeal, Collins' lawyer attacked the manner in which the parish impaneled the grand jury that indicted Collins. The parish is roughly one-third Negro, and, to make the grand jury "reasonably representative," the jury commission carefully placed six Negroes on a list of 20 veniremen. From those were drawn twelve grand jurors, including five Negroes. Despite this seeming fairness, argued his lawyer, the impaneling process denied Collins' right to equal protection of the laws under the 14th Amendment.

Nonsense, ruled the state Supreme Court and a U.S. District Court. But the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals found a "fatal defect" in the organization of the grand jury because "the basis of selection was race." Well attuned to local mores, the appellate court stressed the "somewhat paradoxical" effect of such selection—the widespread Southern phenomenon that fearful or complaisant Negro jurors have a tendency to be especially harsh on Negro defendants.

With Collins in prison awaiting action by another grand jury, the state has continued fighting to uphold his original conviction. Last week the state attorney general lost his last round when the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review the appellate court decision. In effect, the Supreme Court thus stood

by Justice Stanley Reed's 1950 dictum: "An accused is entitled to have charges against him considered by a jury in the selection of which there has been neither inclusion nor exclusion because of race."

### COURTS

#### Mental Illness & Legal Remedies

To his co-workers at a Los Angeles aerospace plant, Herbert Hill seemed odder and odder. The angry ex-marine, a purchasing expediter, refused to speak, neglected his work, shoved his chair at passers-by, rejected all psychiatric help. Last month Hill's boss appealed to a special psychiatric court in the county general hospital. Hill was arrested, examined by two court psychiatrists, and diagnosed as a potentially dangerous schizophrenic. After an informal hearing, at which he was represented by a public defender, the court sent Hill to Camarillo State Hospital and scheduled a jury trial to review his commitment. But Hill responded so well to treatment that in a few weeks the hospital advised the court to release him. Now he is getting private medical care, and has a fair chance of recovery.

At some point in their lives, roughly 10% of Americans will probably wind up in mental hospitals—a statistic that poses hard questions of civil liberty and medical necessity. Though critics decry the use of police to "arrest" mental patients, Hill's rights were well guarded by California's relatively enlightened rules. But what of others in Hill's position throughout the country?

**No Railroad.** The ancients had legal sanctions to exorcise demons by crushing or cutting open the bodies of the afflicted. The Middle Ages permitted even worse therapeutic tortures. Colonial Americans whipped the men-

tally deficient. But in 1773 Virginia opened the country's first state mental hospital, and the law soon honed the classic standard that involuntary commitment is justified for persons "dangerous to themselves or others."

It was so easy to pin this label on enemies or unwanted wives, however, that in the 1870's reformers pushed through strict judicial safeguards against railroad. Since mental hospitals were then regarded as fearful places, the law's chief aim was to make sure that only the truly ill were committed. Today's most advanced screening procedures require careful precommitment medical examination, legal notice, and informal hearings before special courts. Some judges follow up with personal bedside visits; the patient's legal remedies range from jury trial to writs of habeas corpus. Says one Chicago judge: "It would take a massive conspiracy to railroad anyone."

**No Restraint.** But a new legal problem has arisen as a result of the mid-1950's introduction of tranquilizers that ease savage symptoms. Bars, screams, straitjackets—all signs of restraint are disappearing from mental hospitals as new remedies make mental illness more tractable. The law's new problem is how far to liberalize involuntary commitment procedures at a time when psychiatrists argue for earlier admission (leading to earlier discharge), long before patients become "dangerous."

Some doctors now argue that admission should be governed entirely by medical boards, without interference from lay judges and juries. But lawyers fear that even harmless neurotics might wind up in institutions that are still primarily geared to restraint. The consensus is that involuntary admission should be extended to nondangerous persons only where hospitals are fully equipped to treat early symptoms. On the other hand, state hospitals are allowed to discharge patients without court intervention. In many places, nondangerous patients who succeed in going over the hill and staying free for a year are considered discharged, on the theory that they must have come to terms with society.

In such advanced states as Illinois and New York, the admission trend is nonetheless toward maximum medical control. Hospital judges in Illinois now work so closely with medical advisers that, in general, they decide only whether a commitment involves bias or unethical conduct. Boasts one Chicago judge: "This is the only court where the defendant always wins. If he is released, it means he is well. If he is committed, it is for his own good."

**Earlier & Foster.** New York will probably lead all states next year when it puts into effect a new mental-health code based on careful bar studies and long experience with the psychiatric division of Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital, the world's biggest psychiatric admission center (18,000 cases a year).



COMMITMENT HEARING IN CHICAGO  
The defendant always wins.



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## The Lockheed 2000: a jetliner designed to fly three times the speed of sound

Lockheed's 2000-mph Supersonic Transport will cut long-distance travel time by a full two-thirds. It will fly so fast and high, in fact, that a perceptible orbital effect will reduce fuel requirements and increase passenger capacity.

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2000—by doing three to four times the work per day of present jetliners—will also be profitable.

America's entry in the competition to build the next generation of airliners has far-reaching significance—for supersonic transports are already under construction in Europe. World leadership in aviation may depend on the outcome of this contest. At Lockheed the pace quickens as the company readies its manpower and its manufacturing facilities for this great national project. *Lockheed-California Company, Burbank, California: A Division of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.*

**LOCKHEED**

Bellevue's mental patients may be held for observation against their will for up to 60 days. In deciding whether they should go on to state hospitals, the judges manning Bellevue's 7th-floor courtroom are amply served by psychiatric advice, but they need far more information about the patients' families and financial backgrounds.

The new law thus provides a fact-finding state mental-health service with trained case workers who will not only tell judges more about patients, but also keep better case records for the information of friends, relatives and patients themselves. While retaining such remedies as habeas corpus, the new law will put medical and legal interests in

ens of suspects and traveled 100,000 miles before he caught up last summer with Grover Jones, 55, now an Indianapolis handyman. Lee amassed 153 pages of circumstantial evidence, and Jones was indicted for second-degree murder.

Last week Jones went on trial in Celina, Tenn. (pop. 1,228). Outside the tiny Clay County courthouse, where Judge Cordell Hull once sat, a bearded evangelist stood on the lawn shouting for sinners to repent. Inside, sweating from the heat of two potbellied stoves, a crowd of wide-eyed youngsters and tobacco-chewing old men listened intently as the D.A. thundered: "When you hit him, did he scream?" Said

tape first at the Waterloo velodrome? That Prussian ringer, Marshal Blücher. *Merde alors!*

**Saint Stripper.** Most Gauls guffawed last March when France's state-owned TV network spoofed two of the country's solemn passions, Bonaparte and bicycle racing. But so outraged at the "indecent parody" was retired Toulouse lawyer François Bousgarbiès, 79, that the peppery little patriot haled the network into court for what the French press gleefully called "the new Battle of Waterloo." Demanded Plaintiff Bousgarbiès: the network must apologize to the nation, destroy the film and pay him 1 franc (20¢) in symbolic damages.

No enemy of topical TV farce, Bousgarbiès even suggested "a better subject"—a TV race between Charles de Gaulle and Ben Bella, both in shorts and "bicycling madly in the Algerian velodrome, with Ben Bella winning." As for historical hilarity, Bousgarbiès said he could even stomach a current Paris revue that portrays Joan of Arc hearing those voices and then yanking a transistor radio out of her bodice. But tax-paid satire of Napoleon? "Scandalous," hissed the aged *avocat*. "I would be just as upset to see Joan of Arc doing a striptease or Clemenceau wrestling on government television."

**Perpetual Glory.** As the trial dawned in Toulouse last week, millions of Frenchmen were still reeling from what one proud Corsican politician called the "idioty" of Lyndon Johnson's recent reference to Napoleon as "a son of Italy." Hundreds of irreverent students dressed up in Napoleonic hats and racing shorts pedaled endlessly around the courthouse. Inside, three costumed judges bravely subdued their grins, prepared to try the defamation of Napoleon under the Code Napoleon.

For the network, Defense Lawyer Yves Périssé scornfully declared that Plaintiff Bousgarbiès (who saw the show in a restaurant) did not even own a TV set, had not paid a TV tax, and thus had no right to complain of being "psychically traumatized." Not only is it perfectly legitimate to satirize historic figures, said Périssé, but the Toulouse court lacked jurisdiction over a show originating in Paris. Equally scornful, Bousgarbiès' lawyer, Georges Boyer, replied that the Code Napoleon entitles every Frenchman to bring suit in his own city. And Boyer solemnly added: "There is no statute of limitations on the historic glory of France. The plaintiff was sorely hurt in his deeply patriotic convictions."

With French fragility, the judges will take several weeks to decide whether Bousgarbiès' injury is worth 1 franc. Appeals may drag on for a year. Despite the general levity, though, Bousgarbiès has received hundreds of letters from French patriots who seem just as mad as Americans would be at a TV bike race between Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis.



LEE (HAND AT THROAT) WATCHING JONES ON STAND IN TENNESSEE

Bad luck for hunter and prey.

better perspective. Involuntary admission will be by application of relatives, friends or public officers, plus a certificate signed by two psychiatrists. Within five days of admission notice must be given to the patient and three relatives or friends. Though hospitals will still be able to hold patients for 60 days, they must then get court permission and court review after six months, one year, and every two years thereafter.

All this aims to get patients in earlier and out faster. If it works, New York may take credit for a major step toward putting admission to mental hospitals on virtually the same medical basis as admission to other hospitals—while safeguarding civil liberties for citizens who must be denied some freedom in order to handle full freedom later on.

## TRIALS

### To Find His Father's Killer

For 20 years, a resolute Tennessean named Welby Lee has searched for the hit-run driver who hurtled out of the gloom on a rural road and killed his father on New Year's Eve, 1944. With only a broken bumper guard as solid evidence, Lumber Merchant Lee, now 51, traced scores of cars, braced doz-

Jones: "I guess he did, but I wouldn't know because I didn't hit him."

Jones doggedly insisted that he was not even in Tennessee when Lee's father was killed. But as it turned out, both hunter and prey had had bad legal luck. With the all-male jury reportedly ready to acquit Jones, the prosecution suddenly requested and won a mistrial on the ground that two jurors were relatives of two defense character witnesses. "It ain't fair to me," complained Jones, who may be retried in June. Vowed Lee: "This is not the end."

### A Franc for France

Onto millions of French TV screens flashed the martial visage of Napoleon, resplendent in his braided uniform and two-cornered hat. Then the camera descended to bare thighs and legs furiously pumping a bicycle. *Eh bien!* Nappy was in a closely contested race, painting beside Marshals Ney, Murat and Masséna. The Duke of Wellington was gaining last amid cries that "The Englishman is right on our rear ends!" Worse, Nappy's teammates refused to help when his front tire went *pliff!* "If I win at Waterloo, I'll give you a big share of the prize money," whined the Emperor. *Mais non!* Who should hit the





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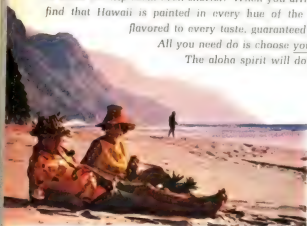
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## THE THEATER

### Mirthful Dane

Comedy in Music. Funnyman Victor Borge knows how not to deliver a line. He swallows it, and then utters small digestive burps.

His face is a pliant mask of dismay and disdain. One never knows whether he regards his props—the microphone, the piano, the piano bench—as allies or enemies. Flailing away at Rachmaninoff, he skids clean off the piano bench, pulls out a neon-blue seat belt, fastens it with frosty dignity, and resumes his musical flight. He also keeps up a running gag with a treacherous watch that tells the day, month, year and altitude ("Today it is the 39th of February, 1216 B.C., and we are flying at an altitude of four feet below sea level").

Instead of doing a one-man show as he did nine years ago on Broadway, Borge this time does a kind of one-and-a-half-man show with Leonid Hambro as co-pianist and straight man. Borge sort of excludes him in, and satirizes the egomania of stars by scraping the mike head along the floor like a vacuum cleaner during Hambro's only solo number. Later, in a howling display of virtuosity, the duo intertwine legs, arms and hands and march their fingers up the keyboard in a centipede's version of Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody*. With the election over, Borge has also decided that the White House is in humor's public domain again: "I had the great honor [muttered aside] and vice versa to meet the President of the United States—Gentleman Bird. He approached me at 70 miles per hour, lifted me up by my ears, and pronounced me a Great Dane."

And so he is.

### Three for the Seesaw

Luv, by Murray Schisgal. Three morose souls are raining laughs all over Broadway's Booth Theater. They suffer all the fashionable ills and itches that modern mind and flesh have fallen heir to. They go through an inferno of cocktail-party griefs, a slapstick, tongue-wagging, satirical jaunt of crippling hilarity.

It all takes place on a suspension bridge, and the plot is a shoestring. A beatnik's beatnik, Harry Berlin (Alan Arkin), is poised for a suicidal leap. Up comes natty Milt Manville (Eli Wallach), who recognizes him as a onetime classmate at Poly-Arts U. They swap case histories. Harry tells a tale of existential wear that started when a fox terrier mistook his pant leg for a hydrant: "I was nauseous, sick to my soul, I became aware . . . aware of the whole rotten senseless stinking deal." Mimed in outrageously funny fashion by Alan Arkin, Harry is so sick that he goes momentarily rigid with paralysis and then turns dead, blind and mute.

Milt prates of the good things in life,

but he, too, is gnawed by despair. "I'm more in love today than on the day I married—but my wife won't give me a divorce." It occurs to Milt that Harry might find a meaning in life by falling in love with Milt's wife, leaving Milt free to marry the girl he loves.

Ellen Manville (Anne Jackson) appears, and she not only has a case history but a graph to illustrate it. Vividly charted for each "seven-day period" over months and years, it shows how the number of Ellen and Milt's "sexual experiences" has plummeted. Ellen warns to Harry, even though he is a love-testing suitor who stomps on her foot, rips her dress to the waist and



JACKSON, WALLACH & ARKIN IN "LUV"

Change changes nothing.

throws her mink coat in the river. Four months later, the trio is back at the bridge, sadder still, and at curtain's drop Harry is being chased by a very persistent fox terrier.

What Playwright Schisgal has done is to turn the theater of the absurd upside down. Absurdist plays customarily use laughter to evoke despair. Schisgal uses the histrionic pretensions of despair to provoke laughter. Immeasurable credit is due Director Mike Nichols for keeping the pace on the wing and inventing cleverly apposite bits of business. One dry jump and three wet ones are taken off the bridge, all with acrobatic finesse. The performances of Wallach, Jackson, and Arkin are models of comic acting, perfect in control and timing, flawless in witty inflection of the lines.

With the traditional conservatism of comedy, Schisgal shows that where human nature is concerned, change changes nothing. Like the classic writers of comedy, he is involved with human limits, not possibilities, and with the saving common sense that mocks self-pity and self-absorption. Unlike his characters, he refuses to keep a straight

face before some of the pious obsessions of the contemporary world and stage—alienation, loss of identity, inability to communicate, homosexuality, existentialism, Freudianism, self-expression and the meaningless-ness of it all. In *Luv*, he devastates these themes in a holocaust of laughter.

### Gabfest

I Was Dancing. Novelist Edwin O'Connor has always created characters with a tongue or two in their heads. In his first play, his hero is a retired vaudevillian, Waltzing Daniel Considine. Burgess Meredith acts, sings, and dances the part as if gazing nostalgically into the splintered mirror of a show-biz Narcissus grown old.

Through Waltzing Dan's room troop: his tergitant sister (Pert Kelton), a scold who would rather be righteous than right; a mournful Jewish crony, much dismayed that a recently deceased and cremated friend might be occupying the ashtray at his elbow; a refreshingly downbeat priest to whom God is all Greek and man is vile, and a medical fraud who takes Polaroid pictures of his patients at each visit to trace their rate of decay. These flavorful characters are impaled on a toothpick plot like canapés. The story that should make the play go makes it stop—whether Waltzing Dan can cozen a long-ignored son (Orson Bean) into giving him housework to die in.

O'Connor has a fine ear but perhaps too much patience with the talk that reveals character. If conversation were drama, theater would be superfluous.

### Frozen Pizza

Something More! is masquerading as a musical comedy. It is tune-deaf and laugh-free. Lyrics like "tortoni, spumoni, and oh, my, minestrone" are better eaten than heard. The setting is Portofino, Italy, but the mood is about as authentically Italian as frozen pizza.

A middle-aged, Mineola, L.I., novelist passes himself, his wife and his three children off to the *dolce vita* country in hopes of discovering the enriched goodness that graced the prose-and-life styles of Zola and Dostoevsky, apparently because they never had to attend the P.T.A. The wife is soon marking time with an Italian movie director, and the writer dilly-dallies with a local *marchesa* who wickedly dots her toes with perfume. At the moment of carnal truth, husband flashes his children's photographs like an FBI agent making an arrest, and leaves, *virtus intacta*.

While *Something More!* threatens to make the sleeping pill obsolete, it does shake itself awake for two stage-splintering dance numbers featuring a pair of agile Corybantes, Paula Kelly and Jo Jo Smith. It is dispiriting to watch Arthur Hill and Barbara Cook, as novelist and wife, dutifully pouring their talents into such hackwork, but the job promises to be mercifully transient.



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## SPORT

### COLLEGE FOOTBALL

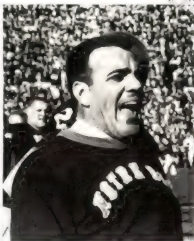
#### Ara the Beautiful

(See Cover)

Toilet-paper streamers festooned the trees. Strings of firecrackers chattered like machine guns. Signs were everywhere. *SONS OF IRIS, UNITE!* they said. *RUB THEIR NOSES IN THE IRISH SOD!* Sturdy young men stopped strangers, flashed their "Hate State!" buttons and inquired politely: "You wouldn't be a State nian, now, would you?" South Bend, Ind., was no place for the faint of heart last week. Notre Dame, the No. 1 college football team in the nation, was taking on Archrival Michigan State—and the Fighting Irish were in a fighting mood.

The Irish had not beaten State in ten years: inside the Notre Dame stadium. Athletic Director Edward ("Moose") Krause surveyed the sellout crowd of 59,265 and sighed: "We could have sold 250,000 tickets to this game." He could have sold a million—to all the Americans, the vast Subway Alumni, to whom Notre Dame is and always has been the one and only college football team. To the Bronx taxi driver who has never seen the inside of a college but lights a candle to Our Lady every Friday night. To the San Francisco dock wallpouter who hasn't the foggiest notion where South Bend is but knows every player on the Irish squad. To the nuns in convents, whose radio-side prayers on Saturday go something like this: "God's will be done . . . but please let Notre Dame win." And what about the two Indiana priests who walked into a polling booth last Nov. 3 and wrote in the name of Ara Parseghian for President?

**On His Knees.** Down beneath the stands, wearing his lucky brown trousers and a blue sweater with *NOTRE DAME* lettered across the front, the Subway Alumni's candidate stood in the middle



PARSEGHIAN V. MICHIGAN STATE  
"More! More!"

of the noisy locker room. "Everybody stay where you are!" he yelled. Then, pounding his fist into his palm, Ara Raoul Parseghian, 41, began to talk. "Boys (bang), you read the newspapers (bang). The predictors (bang, bang) say Michigan State is going to beat us. But we (bang) are a better team than they are. We're going out there (bang) and prove it (BANG)!" Then, along with the rest of the Fighting Irish, Coach Parseghian, a French-Armenian Protestant, sank to his knees and bowed his head. "Hail Mary, full of grace . . ."

Sportswriters had billed it "the game of the year." It was that—for Notre Dame and for the 35 million fans watching on nationwide TV, the millions more clustered around radios in bars and stores and barbershops. A good game might have been enough; a narrow victory would have sent them into ecstasy. What they got was beyond their wildest dreams.

In the next two hours, a great team systematically took a good team apart. Michigan State did not get a first down until it was two touchdowns behind. Only twice in the whole first half did a Notre Dame running play fail to gain. First it was Halfback Nick Eddy, spinning off tackle on the second play from scrimmage, racing 61 yds. for a TD—while Coach Parseghian matched him step for step, shouting "Go! Go! Go!" Then it was Fullback Joe Farrell, cracking the Spartan line on three straight plays for 15 yds. On the fourth play, he faked a line buck and zig-zagged downfield to take a pass from Quarterback John Huarte. That put the ball on the Michigan State eight. Another Farrell take, another Huarte pass—touchdown.

Ara Parseghian prowled the sideline, lips peeled back over his teeth. "Pursuit! Pursuit!" he screamed at the Notre Dame defense, and again Michigan

State had to give up the ball. "More! More!" he yelled at the offense, and again the relentless Irish began to march. The massive (219 lbs. per man) Notre Dame line ripped gaping holes in the Spartan forward wall, gave Quarterback Huarte so much protection that he could have tied his shoelaces and still had time to pass. A screen to Find Jack Snow gained 19 yds., a flare to Fullback Bob Merkle picked up 26. Then he turned Nick Eddy loose. In five carries, the 195-lb. halfback racked up 40 yds. and his second TD of the day. A pass to Snow was good for two extra points, and Notre Dame led at half time 20-0.

**Anything & Everything.** Back came the two teams, and the excitement leaped a notch. Desperate now, the Spartans tried anything—and for a while everything worked. They shifted from the T into a short punt formation and drew the Notre Dame line off side. They caught the Irish secondary napping, with a 51-yd. pass that cut the gap to 20-7. Luck helped a lot: two Notre Dame touchdowns were nullified. But now the aroused State defense was starting to hurry Huarte. Somehow he still managed to get the ball away—sidarm, underhand, any way at all. And when he couldn't pass he ran like a halfback—ripping out of the grasp of three tacklers for 21 yds. and a touchdown that made it 28-7. After that, the spectators stole the show. Twice, play was stopped while the sheriff's deputies chased fans around the field. That was enough to frighten even Parseghian. Off came the first team; in went the subs. Another Irish touchdown. Final score: Notre Dame 34, Michigan State 7.

The victory was doubly sweet because it was the sort of thing that wasn't supposed to happen in 1964—and did anyway. It was the season of surprises, the year the experts all guessed wrong. This was the year a Penn State squad that lost four out of its first five clobbered



HUARTE HANDING OFF TO EDDY  
Two for the nuns.



HUARTE ON TOUCHDOWN RUN  
One for the subways.

unbeaten Ohio State 27-0, the year Texas did not win the Southwest Conference championship, the year mighty Mississippi had to settle for a tie with weak little Vanderbilt. It was the year free substitution and the platoon system came back to college football—if the coaches were willing to take penalties to get their subs into the game. It was the year collegians outdrew the pros—when attendance in the Big Ten averaged 59,000 a game to 49,000 in the National Football League. And, most of all, this was Ara Parseghian's year, the year a restless vagabond from Ohio took over a demoralized Notre Dame team that had spent five years forgetting how to win—and taught them how again.

It all started innocently enough, with a 31-7 victory over Wisconsin. But when Notre Dame licked Purdue to the tune of 34-15, people began to wonder, including Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf. "They're big," warned Mollenkopf, "as big as the pros." As victory piled on victory, so did the pressure. Everybody was laying for Notre Dame. Air Force leaped into a 7-0 lead on an intercepted pass. Notre Dame still won 34-7. "That line," sighed Falcon Coach Ben Martin. "At first they came like a wave and pushed the blockers back into our quarterback's lap. Later they just picked them up and threw them back." U.C.L.A. Coach Bill Barnes thought he knew a way to beat the Irish. "Play for breaks," Barnes should have said a couple of Hail Marys. Notre Dame won 24-0.

Brokenhearted, Stanford was next: the Indians did not reach midfield in the whole first half, did not get a first down until 7 min. into the second, and fell 28-6. But one tearful Irish line-man was still dissatisfied: "I was really brokenhearted when they got that touchdown," he said. Fully recovered from an early-season injury, Navy's brilliant Quarterback Roger Staubach did his best to stop the Irish rampage—with 19 completions in 36 pass attempts. But Notre Dame's Huarte completed ten of 17 passes, and the score was the measure of the teams: Notre Dame 40-0.

After that, Pittsburgh figured to be easy pickings. The Panthers had won only two games all season. When Notre Dame scored two quick touchdowns—one on a pass from Huarte to Halfback Nick Eddy that covered 91 yds.—it looked like a rout. But then everything went wrong. Halfback Bill Wolski tumbled on the Pitt two, and Snow dropped a pass on the Pittsburgh goal line. Banging away at the Irish line, Pitt picked up 199 yds, rushing—16 yds. more than all six of Notre Dame's previous opponents lumped together. Finally, it was the fourth quarter, and Pitt had the ball, fourth down and one on the Notre Dame 16. Pitt gambled on making the yard. The Irish held and eked out a 17-15 victory.

"Well," said Parseghian, "at least we

won." With Michigan State out of the way, the Irish led the nation in rushing defense (63 yds. per game), ranked second in total offense (409 yds. per game), fourth in passing. Now, Iowa (season's record: 3 wins, 5 losses) and Southern Cal (5-3) were the only obstacles remaining in Notre Dame's path to the national championship and its first unblemished season in 15 years.

Ara Parseghian was not cheering yet. "With the kind of schedules you play today," he gloomed, "it's almost impossible to go through a season undefeated." But from Scollay Square to Fisherman's Wharf, the Subway Alumni, who thought anything was possible,



HUARTE & SNOW BEFORE NEW LIBRARY  
"You're gonna live with me."

sang still another chorus of the most famous fight song in the land:

Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame.  
Wake up the echoes cheering her name.  
Send a volley cheer on high  
Shake down the thunder from the sky.  
What though the odds be great or small,

Old Notre Dame will win over all,  
While her loyal sons are marching  
Onward to victory.

"Dear Sir," The nation's best-known football foundry is a Johnny-come-lately to the game. The University of Notre Dame was barely out of the log-cabin stage when Rutgers and Princeton played the first intercollegiate football game in 1869. The Fighting Irish had a school cheer in 1879 ("Rah, rah! Nostra Domina"), but they did not have a team to cheer for until 1887—eight years after the famed Golden Dome of Our Lady first cast its glint across the

Indiana plains. It wasn't much of a team at that: in two years, Notre Dame lost three straight to Michigan, prompting the coach to dash off a plaintive letter to Yale's Walter Camp: "Dear Sir: Will you kindly furnish me some points on the best way to develop a good football team?" Whatever Camp's advice was, it worked: the Irish were unbeaten in 1892 and 1893; and in 1903, they ran up 292 points to their opponents' zero.

They also began to run out of opposition. Schools in the Intercollegiate Conference (today's Big Ten) flatly refused to play them, and the frustrated Irish had to content themselves with heling the likes of Franklin (64-0), Loyola of Chicago (80-0) and St. Viator (116-7). In 1913, casting around for games, Coach Jesse Harper hooked a whopper, Old Rivals Harvard and Yale had dropped off Army's schedule because the Cadets refused to sell tickets to their games. Desperate for a "filler," Army agreed to a \$4,000 guarantee, and Harper's eager Irish headed East. Undeclared in four games, Army was a powerhouse—and there were chuckles all around when somebody discovered that the visitors had 18 players but only 14 pairs of cleats. Army was the overwhelming favorite: its line outweighed Notre Dame by 15 lbs. per man, and fans were so sure the game would be a slaughter that only 3,000 bothered to turn out.

The Rock. It was a slaughter all right—just like David and Goliath. In those days football was a mannerly game: teams were expected to punt on first down inside their own 20-yd. line and never, never throw a forward pass. The upstarts from Indiana punted only on fourth down—and passed the Cadets goggle-eyed. In one fantastic flurry, Quarterback Gus Dorais completed 12 in a row. His main target was a balding, bandy-legged end named Knute Rockne, who at 5 ft. 8 in. and 145 lbs. was probably the smallest man on the field. Army defenders could not help admiring Rockne's courage: the game had barely started before he was limping noticeably. Late in the first period, with the ball on the Army 30, Dorais dropped back to pass. Nobody noticed Rockne, hobbling painfully down the sideline. Suddenly, the limp disappeared: he was running full tilt toward the Army goal, reaching up for the pass. Touchdown! Before the long afternoon was over, Notre Dame's passing attack had clicked for 243 yds. and two TDs, and the unknown Indiana school had upset mighty Army 35-13.

It had to be foreordained that Rockne would return as coach. And there he was in 1918, the son of a Norwegian carriage maker, carving his name as one of the game's enduring geniuses. He pioneered the platoon system, perfected the forward pass, lifted (so the famous story goes) the Notre Dame "box shift" from the routine of a dance-hall chorus line. His teams trav-

eled from coast to coast and South to the Gulf, playing 122 games and winning 105 over 13 seasons. Five times they were unbeaten; three times they won the national championship.

They called themselves Irish, but only a healthy handful were: Poles, Germans, Italians, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, everyone flocked to South Bend. One September, 90 high school captains turned out for the freshman team. No school in football history produced such stars: Frank Carideo, Marv Schwartz, Johnny O'Brien and the incomparable George Gipp—Notre Dame's first All-America, who dropped-kicked a 62-yd. field goal in his first college game, gained 332 yds. against Army, and died of pneumonia at 25. There was the "pony backfield" of 1924 that averaged 158 lbs. per man and won immortality on the typewriter of Grantland Rice: "Outlined against a blue-grey October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

Then there was Rockne himself, the master psychologist who once ran the Four Horsemen behind a third-string line and shouted from the sidelines. "Show 'em your clippings! Show 'em your clippings!" He was the sly pessimist who advised, "Never tell 'em how many lettermen you've got coming back. Tell 'em how many you've lost." He was the locker-room orator who called his team together before the 1928 Army game and talked about George Gipp—his perfection, his ability to come through in the clutch, and his deathbed request: "Sometime, when things are going wrong and the breaks are beating the boys, tell them to go in there with all they've got and win one just for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Rock, but I'll know about it and I'll be happy." Notre Dame beat Army 12-6. But that was hardly surprising to Rockne: it had worked the first time he tried it—seven years before.

**The Robot.** Rockne died in a plane crash in 1931, and for a while it looked as if Notre Dame's football fortunes were riding the same plane: the Irish experienced their first losing season in 45 years. But in 1941, Notre Dame got a new coach—an Irishman, yet—and the leprechauns became giants again. Tough and tight-lipped, Frank Leahy had nothing in common with Rockne except a ferocious desire to win all the time. His players called him "The Robot," and he drove them mercilessly. "I want to see blood on the quarterbacks' hands when you snap the ball," he told his centers. Rival coaches accused Leahy of teaching "dirty football," of flagrant recruiting violations, of "twisting" the rulebook with his "sucker shifts" and faked injuries. But one thing nobody could argue with: his success. With such stars as Johnny Lujack, George Connor, Johnny Latt-

ner, Leon Hart and Ralph Guglielmi, Leahy won four national championships, ran off a string of 39 games without a loss, retired in 1953 with an overall record of 87 wins, eleven losses, nine ties.

After Leahy, the deluge. Terry Brennan took over as coach, did reasonably well (32 wins, 18 losses)—except by Notre Dame standards—and gave way to Joe Kuharich in 1959. Kuharich, a top pro coach with the National Football League's Washington Redskins, was no improvement. Over two seasons, 23 of his players had to be operated on for knee injuries. What's more, Notre Dame's president, the Rev. Theodore



ROCKNE AS COACH  
Borrowing from the chorus line.

M. Heshburgh (TIME cover, Feb. 9, 1962), was determinedly hauling up the school's academic standards, saw no reason to grant exemptions to football players. The upshot: Kuharich lost 23 out of 40 games, quit in 1962 to go back to the pros the new coaches (the Philadelphia Eagles). Finally, last year it was poor Hugh Devore's turn: he reluctantly agreed to fill in for one year as "interim" coach—and suffered through a dismal 2-7 season.

Football had not really been de-emphasized at Notre Dame: it had de-emphasized itself. In the golden years of Rockne and Leahy, the \$500,000-a-year take from football paid faculty salaries, built dormitories and a stadium. Now, when the cost of Notre Dame's sports program was deducted, there was barely enough left over to pay the coal bill for an Indiana winter. The Irish still wanted a winning team—"We are dedicated to excellence," said the Rev. Edmund Joyce, Notre Dame's executive vice president—but not enough to pay for it. The school awards only 30 football scholarships a year, and they are strictly limited to board, room and tuition—no "walking-around money." Under those ground rules, what coach would gamble his

reputation? What coach indeed—except Ara Parseghian?

**"I'm the Greatest."** The wonder is that it took him so long to get to South Bend. Handsome and raven-haired, Parseghian could pose for anyone's image of the spirit of Notre Dame—wearing Leahy's shoes and Rockne's suit. He has to win because the laundry bill is too high when he loses; his wife has to change the sweat-soaked bed sheets each morning. Navy Coach Wayne Hardin delights in telling of playing partners with Parseghian in a golf match a few summers ago: "We came up to the 18th hole and had to win it to take the match. Ara stuck one on the green, about 40 ft. from the pin. He stepped up to putt, paused and asked: 'What state are we in?' 'We're in Pennsylvania,' I said. 'All right,' said Ara. 'Then I'm the greatest putter in the state of Pennsylvania.' He swung and, sure enough, the ball went over four or five breaks plunk into the cup."

It stands to reason that Parseghian must have been a beautiful baby. His father named him after a mythological Armenian king named "Ara the Beautiful," and his mother kept him in dresses until he was six. As soon as he graduated to pants, he started sneaking off to play tackle football with the older kids in Akron, and the only way mom could get him home was to come after him with the sawed-off broomstick she used to stir the family wash. As an eighth-grader, Ara was everybody's nomination for Toughest Kid in school—even the Board of Education's. "They were having a lot of trouble with vandals breaking windows," recalls Older Brother Gerard, 43, a Toledo businessman. "So they just hired Ara to patrol the grounds. The checks came directly from the Board of Education. He was real proud of that."

At South High School, Parseghian is remembered as a kind of Jack Armstrong with Wheaties coming out of his ears. "He worked like the dickens for his S," a classmate recalls. "He saw somebody wearing a letter who hadn't participated in athletics, he'd take it away from him and tell him to turn out for the team." Ara's mother was violently against football; whenever she went to a game, she spent the afternoon hiding under the stands, praying for Ara's safety. It would have been kinder to pray for the other fellow. South High Coach Frank ("Doc") Wargo remembers one encounter against Steubenville High, an Ohio Valley team made up mostly of miners' sons. "Ara was tough. But Steubenville had a tough fullback too. On the first play from scrimmage, the two of them met head-on, and you could hear the helmets crash. Both boys went down. After a few seconds, Ara jumped up. They carried their fullback out."

**Call Him Hardnose.** Parseghian enrolled at the University of Akron, spent two wartime years in the Navy; then back to football he went, this time at Miami of Ohio, a small school with an

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## XEROX

INTER-OFFICE MEMO

TO: Don Baker  
DATE: October 27, 1964  
FROM: W. Phillips  
CC:

SUBJECT: Market Planning Meeting

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1. Weekly review of marketing and sales plans.
2. Data on localities by equipment, by key accounts, by geographic locations.
3. System applications, new business cases, special marketing applications.
4. Relationship among domestic and foreign markets in terms of income, placement, special marketing efforts.

Let's not waste time. If you have anything to add or delete to the above list, let me know immediately.

WPH

cc: J. Hollinger  
J. Clark  
J. Buchanan  
W. Phillips  
J. Clark

Bill,  
I don't think we're prepared to discuss that material -  
lets skip it for now.

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uncanny knack for producing big-time coaches—Army's Earl Blaik and Paul Dietzel, Ohio State's Woody Hayes, the pros' Paul Brown, Weeb Ewbank and Sid Gillman. In 1947, a solid 190-lb. halfback, Ara led the Redskins to an undefeated season, won All-America mention and a pro tryout with the Cleveland Browns.

"Hardnose" was the Browns' name for him, for the fierce way he slammed into blitzing enemy linemen. He had a bad ankle, but he was still Coach Paul Brown's regular halfback. "He'd hurt it and I'd take him out of the game," remembers Brown, "and next thing you know, he'd be limping up and down the sidelines until he could walk on it again. Then he'd beg me to put him back in."

In 1949, another injury ended Parseghian's playing career permanently. Flicking through an opening in the Baltimore Colts' line, he cut to avoid a linebacker, sprawled headlong with a badly torn cartilage in his right hip. His hip has never been quite right since, and he is bothered by occasional arthritis.

Married, out of work, Parseghian went looking for a job. "There was only one thing Ara didn't want to do," says his brother Gerard, "and that was coach. He thought coaches had to be nuts to put up with the stuff they did." But when Miami Coach Woody Hayes offered him the freshman team, Parseghian leaped at the chance. Then everything happened at once. The frosh team went undefeated. At season's end Hayes packed off to Ohio State. And at 27, Ara Parseghian became the youngest head coach in Miami's history. "I thought you said all coaches were nuts," smirked Gerard. Sighed Ara, "Buddy, I've got the bug."

In five years Parseghian won 39 games, lost only six—and two of those victories came at the direct expense of

the powerful Big Ten. In 1954, the day before Miami was scheduled to play Indiana, he deliberately dressed the Redskins in tattered old practice uniforms, sent them through a ragged workout before the eyes of the grinning Hoosiers. Next day, faultlessly attired in new uniforms, Miami upset Indiana 6-0. Frank Leahy would have approved. Next year, against Northwestern, Parseghian even sought out Rival Coach Lou Saban to plead for mercy. Saban, says a Parseghian associate, "really swallowed all that stuff." Miami upset the Wildcats 25-14, and at season's end Saban was out of a job. Who was in? Parseghian, of course.

"They'll See You." When Parseghian arrived in 1956, things were so bad that Northwestern's student newspaper was calling for the school to withdraw from the Big Ten. Northwestern had lost 27 of its last 31 conference games, had not won any game at all in 1955. The only private school in the Big Ten, Northwestern's entrance requirements were the highest in the league, while its men's enrollment (3,936) was the smallest. Why not call it quits? Snarled Parseghian: "If I thought that way, I wouldn't be here. All right, maybe it's an obsession thinking we can do what everyone says is impossible. But we can win." No U.S. Marine recruiting officer ever crooned a smother pitch. To Chicago high school athletes who thought about going away to school, he said: "Your future business contacts are here in Chicago. They'll see you out there, they'll know all about you."

The Wildcats never wound up higher than third in the Big Ten, but there were plenty of moments to savor: a 21-0 victory over Ohio State that ended the Buckeyes' 14-game unbeaten streak, the 45-13 crushing of Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma team on nationwide TV—and the four straight victories over Notre Dame that, more than anything else, convinced the Irish that Parseghian was the man to put a new coat of gold on the dome.

In the Spotlight. Parseghian's move to South Bend last January was more like a homecoming than an arrival. He was introduced between halves of a basketball game, and the students gave him a ten-minute standing ovation. In mid-February, 3,000 turned out in two feet of snow for a mammoth pep rally. If it was spirit they wanted, spirit he gave them. At spring training he whipped out a letter written by a former Notre Dame player who had been seriously injured in an auto accident. Voice quavering, Parseghian read the letter to the spellbound team: "Being a Notre Dame football player automatically puts you in the national spotlight, more so than players from any other school. Don't let those fans down. Be honest with yourself. Give that second and third effort. Bring Notre Dame football back where it belongs."

The spirit might be willing, but it takes a powerful amount of flesh to



PARSEGHIAN & FAMILY  
Daddy makes the Late Late Show.

make a football winner—and the most optimistic experts did not figure Notre Dame for much this year. The school hadn't had a winning season in five years; 22 out of 38 lettermen had graduated from last year's squad that lost seven of its nine games. Parseghian rebuilt the team as though he were running a fire sale.

Out went Notre Dame's old uniforms and pads ("too heavy," he said), replaced by new lightweight gold pants, plain blue jerseys, and helmets whose color was keyed exactly to the Golden Dome itself. Out went the old split T formation. With its quarterback keepers, replaced by the pro-style slot T and the dazzling stacked I—in which three backs line up in a straight line behind the center, then shift suddenly to one side or the other. Out, too, went the old system of calling signals in the huddle. "In the pressure of the game," explains Parseghian, "you don't have time to listen to somebody yell '32' and ponder which hole is the three hole and which back is the two back. We just describe our plays in the most accurate way possible—like 'power sweep right,' or 'belly sweep left.' And we haven't had a badly busted play all season."

In spring training Parseghian wandered around the field like an Arab horse trader. He spent hundreds of hours studying last year's game films, analyzing each man's potential. Finally one day he sauntered up to John Huarte, a quiet Californian who has played just 50 minutes of football in two years, and said: "John, you're my quarterback for the season. I don't care if you throw six interceptions in the first game. You're my quarterback. You're gonna live with me ten weeks this fall." Parseghian's next visit was with Jack Snow, the 6-ft, 2-in., 215-lb. end whom he had singled out as Huarte's No. 1 passing target. Between them, Huarte and Snow have already



PARSEGHIAN AT SOUTH HIGH  
Mo hid under the stands.





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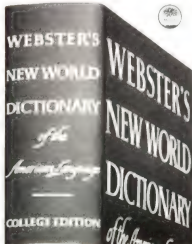
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broken practically all of Notre Dame's season passing records.

Finally, there was Linebacker Jim Carroll, a 225-lb. Georgian who was to be the key man in Parseghian's pro-style 4-4-3 defense. Last year Carroll was credited with 59 tackles; this year he has already made 120, to lead the team. He shrugged off a painful knee injury to stack up a last-ditch Pitt drive two weeks ago, and he was easily the angriest man on the squad last week when newsmen suggested the possibility of Michigan State's upsetting the top-ranked Irish. Maybe that's because he is Irish. "Listen," he growled. "We're No. 1. I've played with losing teams all

107-107



HESBURGH, PARSEGHIAN & IDOL

*New gold on the dome.*

my life, and nobody's going to take No. 1 away from me."

Nobody is going to take it away from Ara Parseghian either—not if the ever-living, ever-loving spirit of Notre Dame can help it. On a "Clubber Board" in the Notre Dame locker room, messages supposedly sent by rival teams are posted to stoke the fires of effort. "Your luck has run out," read one signed The Panther. "I will beat you this Saturday because I am bigger and stronger and meaner than you are." Everywhere the team goes, the coach goes—instructing, cajoling, just being there to keep an eye on everything. After the Wisconsin game, Parseghian told his wife Kathleen not to meet him at the airport—"I want to go with the team to the campus." Before the Navy game in Philadelphia, local Notre Dame alumni had a motorcade all arranged to whisk Irish officials from the airport to the hotel. Parseghian turned down the car, insisted on riding in the team bus.

For Ara Parseghian, the man who cannot stand to lose, the day begins at 5:30 a.m. with four cups of coffee, usually ends with a tranquilizer and the Late Late Show. Even when he eats, he has a pencil in the other hand, diagramming a play. Is there something he has forgotten, some minuscule detail he has overlooked, some new way to win? There has to be, there always is at Notre Dame. Last week, bone-weary, he paused in Memorial Building to confront a bust of Knute Rockne. "You," he said softly. "You started all this."



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## MEDICINE

### THANATOLOGY

#### Death & Modern Man

*Neither the sun nor death  
can be looked at steadily.*

—La Rochefoucauld

Modern medicine has steadily prolonged lives, slashed death rates and, for many patients, changed drastically the very process of dying. Yet, except for a handful of psychiatrists, medical men have paid only cursory attention to the problem they have thus inadvertently intensified: How are the fatally ill to be helped to face the end?

Medical scientists cannot even agree on the time when death technically occurs. Is it when breathing stops? Or the heart? Or when brain waves cease? Psychologists and psychiatrists assert that fear of death is universal, but disagree about its true nature. Freud compared it with fears of castration. Others believe that patients fear dying itself less than their own helplessness and uselessness in the process. Some believe the fear of death is the instinctual root of all other fears.

**Family Attitude.** From his own observations in Colorado General and Colorado Psychopathic hospitals, one thing of which Psychiatrist Richard Vanden Bergh can be sure is that patients are sometimes left terribly alone when the end is near. "All of us," he told a convention of nurses at the University of Colorado School of Medicine, "have seen the patient who is slowly dying of a chronic, debilitating illness and has been placed in the room farthest from the center of the ward. The doctors drop in briefly during rounds, glance at his chart, and leave almost immediately. The general attitude of the ward is: 'There's really nothing we can do for him—after all, he's dying anyway.'"

This attitude is as appalling to many physicians as it is to just about all ministers of religion. But what is to be done? The first question that arises is whether to tell a patient that he is dying. "Much depends," says the University of California's Dr. Alexander Simon, "on the attitude of the family and the patient's own attitude. There are some whom I would not tell about imminent death because they would panic." Another U. of C. psychiatrist, Dr. Robert D. Wald, believes that the opposite situation is more common: "The assumption is that people don't want to die. From my experience, I believe that—more often than is generally

realized—people reach a point where they are willing to die." To Psychologist Herman Feitel of the University of Southern California, who has edited a book on *The Meaning of Death*, what the patient is told is less important than how he is told.

**Who's Afraid?** And what about the role of the family, now that so many more deaths occur in hospitals than at home? Psychiatrist Wald says tartly: "At death scenes, doctors and nurses are frightened of families. They feel accused by the relatives because they are revealed as not being all-powerful. Doctors tend to keep families away to



KOLLWITZ: "THE CALL OF DEATH"

*For fearful relatives, a coaching problem.*

protect their own self-esteem, though perhaps not consciously."

There are, to be sure, many cases in which it would do no good to have the family stage a death watch because the patient is in a coma. And such cases are becoming vastly more numerous now that medical science has learned to prolong the body's life, or at least some signs of life, long after the mind has become irreparably clouded. But Dr. Vanden Bergh says that he, and most doctors, have seen many patients who were not only conscious but alert right up to the end. Even with a patient who is technically comatose, there is no way for an outsider to be certain how much he senses of what is going on around him.

Probably the only patients who must necessarily be deprived of the comfort of kinfolk are the growing numbers who are sent after surgery to ultra-modern recovery rooms from which visitors are barred because of the dan-

ger of infection. In most cases, the presence of the family is a good thing. Even if the patient does not know his relatives are there, it is good for them to have the opportunity to learn to accept the imminent loss of a loved one. But relatives may need to be coached in deathside manners. If they have not already faced their own emotional problems, they may become depressed or tearful or even hysterical. Then, instead of their helping the patient, it is the patient who finds himself having to console his visitors.

Too often, says Dr. Wald, there is a woeful lack of communication between patient and family when death is approaching. "This," he says, "is the very time when communication could be freer and more rewarding than ever before. It is a time when old emotional conflicts can be resolved. I've attended many patients who were dying, and knew it, but had had no chance to discuss their fears with anyone. Many were glad of the opportunity to talk."

**What Is He Leaving?** A major factor in all attitudes toward death is religious belief—or lack of it—in life hereafter. Some clergymen assert that such a belief is all that is needed to take the sting out of death. Others, like San Francisco's Rabbi Alvin I. Fine are more moderate. "The Judeo-Christian tradition," says he, "offers a way of looking at death. Religious belief and understanding are definitely helpful in facing death." Psychiatrists, who tend to be agnostics, complain that the clerical attitude generally puts too much emphasis on where a person is going and too little on what he is leaving. Like Rabbi Fine, they believe that a philosophy of death is an essential part of life.

Modern skepticism is intensifying the problem of facing death, says the Rev. Joseph T. Alves, head of Boston's Roman Catholic Family Counseling, Inc. A social psychologist, Father Alves is directing a project for training "social volunteers" to help the lonely aged adjust to modern society's pressures and to comfort those who are incurably ill.

There is wide public misunderstanding, said Father Alves, of the full purpose of the Roman Catholic "sacrament of the sick." Long called "extreme unction," it is still too generally regarded as simply the last anointing before death. But in modern theology a broader and more ancient purpose has been re-emphasized. The sacrament is not only concerned with accommodation to death; it is a prayer to God to restore the patient to good health.

In the last analysis, each man must



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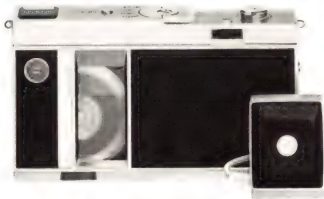
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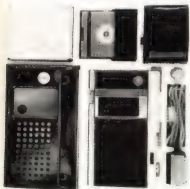
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make his own accommodation to death. Almost universal is the sentiment of Dr. Charles W. Mayo, recently retired from active surgery at the Mayo Clinic: "I hope that when I die, it will be quick. But if there is some delay, then I hope I'll have somebody I love with me—somebody to hold my hand."

## DENTISTRY

### Fluorides for Better Bites

Dentists have long been convinced that fluoridated drinking water can cut cavities in children's teeth by 60% or more. But fluorides may be even more valuable than that. At the annual session of the American Dental Association in San Francisco last week, Dr. Thomas K. Barber, associate head of Pedodontics at the University of Illinois College of Dentistry, reported that fluoridated drinking water can help eradicate bad bite—an affliction that affects more than half the 50 million children in the U.S.

Dr. Barber's statistics came from a study conducted in Evanston, Ill., after ten years of fluoridating its water. Among Evanston children in the 6-to-8 age bracket, said Dr. Barber, malocclusions were down 20%, while those in the 12-to-14 group had 17% fewer bad bites than teen-agers in nonfluoridated communities. Fluorides, explained Dr. Barber, reduce tooth decay in the important first permanent molars: early loss of these teeth may lead to bite abnormalities and eventual braces or similar tooth-straightening appliances.

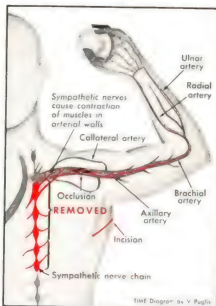
The Evanston study complements similar figures from the neighboring New York towns of fluoridated Newburgh and fluoride-free Kingston. Of Newburgh's teen-agers, 35.2% have normal bites, v. only 12% for their Kingston counterparts. Significantly, Kingston kids lost nine times as many permanent teeth, six times as many lower first molars. Reasoned Dr. Barber: "The benefits of fluoridation can be viewed indirectly as a factor in the reduction of malocclusion."

## SURGERY

### Repair of a Pitching Arm

By World Series time, the coldness and discomfort that New York Yankee Southpaw Whitey Ford had often felt in his left hand became a strength-robbing cramp afflicting his whole arm. But not until after the second game when he even had trouble shaving did Ford seek medical help from Dr. Martin L. Schulman of Long Island Jewish Hospital. The diagnosis: Pitcher Ford had an apparently complete blockage of the axillary artery, which carries blood through the shoulder toward the fingertips.

The artery had become blocked, possibly by fatty deposits, under the shoulder, where muscle and bone crowd it. Ford's well-developed muscles and his pitching profession aggravated the block; every time he threw a pitch, his



muscles and bones would pinch the artery, constricting the vessel even as it was straining to allow blood to pass through. The most promising therapy would be removal of the sympathetic nerves that control the contraction of smooth muscle in the arterial walls.

Ford chose to have the operation done by famed Cardiovascular Surgeon Denton A. Cooley at Houston's St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital. Last week, with Schulman assisting, Cooley made a 5½-in. incision under Ford's left armpit into the chest. The surgeon then separated Ford's ribs, and collapsed a portion of lung to expose a chain of nerves running along the backbone like a string of far-apart beads. About four inches of the nerves were removed, and the incision closed. The entire operation took barely 90 minutes.

Next day a beaming Ford met with Houston-resident Johnny Keane, the new Yankee manager. "I brushed my teeth," said Ford, "and I think in a couple of days I'll shave." The operation, said Dr. Cooley, was a success. "The removal of these nerves permits blood to flow through collateral channels to supply the muscles of the arm itself, and causes no interference with muscular power or sensation in his arm."

The only odd thing Ford will notice now is that his left hand will not perspire because the missing nerves controlled the sweat glands; it will feel warmer than his right hand because blood vessels will be dilated. The main axillary artery blockage cannot be cleared up by drugs, and if Ford's cramps return next year, about the only thing left will be surgery to bypass the blocked artery with a piece of his own vein or a Dacron tube. But by week's end Dr. Cooley was a relieved optimist: "Now I know how the surgeon felt who operated on Caruso's vocal cords."



GRAVE BELOW CUSTIS-LEE MANSION

## MONUMENTS

### A Tomb for J.F.K.

Almost a year to the day after President Kennedy was assassinated, plans for his permanent grave were approved. It will remain on that rolling slope in Arlington National Cemetery where he was first buried. Embellished with a minimum of architectural detail by Kennedy's friend, Architect John Carl Warnecke, the grave is far more modest than another illustrious tomb in Arlington, that of the Unknown Soldier.

Warnecke, 45, was a logical choice to design the site. Kennedy idolized his heroics as a Stanford University football hero and with his art adviser William Walton, picked him to renovate Washington, D.C.'s Lafayette Square. "This may be the only monument we leave," said Kennedy. His widow chose Warnecke to leave one more.

Approached by a circular walkway, the tomb rises a few steps above an elliptical plaza, completing a 1.3-mile axis with the large Lincoln Memorial across the Potomac. The graves, including those of his two dead infants, are marked by flat, slate stones set in a grassy plot bordered by a low plinth, where the eternal flame, cupped in a modern version of a classic oil lamp, will continue to burn. Behind it, but subordinate to the classic-revival façade of the historic Custis-Lee Mansion atop the slope, is a low, short wall, flanked by flowering magnolias, which will bear the presidential seal and short quotations from Kennedy's speeches. How much the memorial will cost is not clear. "Don't know," commented Walton. "Glad I don't. Plenty."

The design is more an appreciation of a natural site than a monument of masonry. Visitors who will go there cannot avoid pondering the powerful poetry of the vista toward the capital. It was one of Kennedy's favorites. Some time before his death, he and a friend stood where he now is buried. Remarked the late President: "I could stay here forever." That came true too suddenly, but his observation has only enhanced his resting place.



VIEW OF GRAVE TOWARD WASHINGTON  
"I could stay here forever."

## ART

### SCULPTURE

#### Toys for All Ages

The sculpture seems like the pastime of a thousand elves. Perhaps the tiny fellows actually exist in the mischievous mind of Alexander Calder, who, at 66, has all the mien of a beardless Santa Claus, right down to his habitual red flannel shirt. He has given so much to the world for so long that he is the U.S.'s best-known artist abroad. His fancies in metal strike many people as toys, but also remind them that toys are made to stimulate the imagination.

Calder began rebuilding toys for himself when he was eight. He would embellish them with a snipp of wire here and there, sometimes to give them more motion. From then on, a pair of pliers became his tool to remake the world. His toys are for all ages, and can be as ominous in their ease as fellow New Englander Robert Frost's poetry. Last week his bobbing mobile *Guillotine for Light* met like stalfacture and stalagmite in the great rotunda of Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum (see *opposite page*). Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture never had better tenants; a 361-piece retrospective that could equally well establish Calder as a wizard of the wind, a Wright Brothers' Rodin, or the greatest tinker of all time.

**Ringmaster.** Calder is a third-generation sculptor; his grandfather is still remembered in Philadelphia for his statue of William Penn atop the city hall. But Calder early abandoned the thousand-year tradition that insisted upon sculpture as a form-in-the-round whose contours were its boundaries. He embraced space with his mobiles, sometimes in a bear hug, sometimes in a fence's riposte. He became known as the man who made sculpture move. Actually, the Russian constructivists and Dadaist Marcel Duchamp did it



ETERNAL FLAME

years before him, but no one has ever made cubic feet dance and gambol as has Calder. His work is the apotheosis of open form: space is his circus, all three rings, all three dimensions.

The circus itself, in its seamy, gaudy splendor, was Calder's first fascination. He tried many trades, from lumberjack to able seaman; he was graduated from Stevens Institute of Technology in 1919 as a mechanical engineer. Drawing came naturally, and five years out of college he signed on as an illustrator for the *National Police Gazette*. To his delight, one day he was assigned to sketch the circus. Barnum & Bailey was so pleased that it gave him a free entrance pass. He followed the American artists' trail to Paris, where he made his own toy circus in which he sat performing like some child *Gargantua* for such luminaries as Fernand Léger. Joan Miró, and Jean Cocteau.

**Mondrian in Motion.** Calder made his restless, looping pencil line draw in wire, caricaturing his audience, sometimes with barbs. The toast of Paris, Josephine Baker, was his first metal portrait in 1926; her belly button turned into a shimmying, shaking brass spiral. All that was delightful, a gadgeter's daydream, until one day Calder visited Mondrian's studio.

The 1930 visit, Calder recalls, was "the necessary shock." The de Stijl's studio, with its neat plane geometry of primary colors (which Calder henceforth stuck to) stilled the errant Yankee. "But how fine it would be," Calder thought, "if everything moved." He gave Mondrian wings. He balanced metal cutouts on wire arms, and in 1932, Duchamp dubbed them "mobiles." Almost as much as Mondrian's forms, the stiff nature of metal forced Calder toward abstraction.

**Patchwork Scrapper.** So popular were Calder's mobiles that manufacturers have since imitated them in mass production. Calder himself has clung to few mechanical tools, prefers rivets instead of welding, paints his mobiles with brushes instead of spraying them. Sprung from the modern esthetic that sees wisdom in childhood, his work



ALEXANDER CALDER'S 38-FT.-LONG MOBILE "THE GHOST" FLOATS LIKE A PETELED CHANDELIER IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM. AT LEFT IS A 22-FT. STABLE, "GUILLOTINE FOR EIGHT."



"MODEL FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR 1939"

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD LEE



"THE ONLY ONLY BIRD" (1952)

A MULTIPLE EXPOSURE CATCHES THE BLENDING COLORS AND MOTION OF "BLUE AMONG YELLOW & RED" (1963)







CALDER AT WORK

Blunt as shears, innocent as a circus.

is a comment on, rather than patent approval of, the Machine Age. For the fun of it, Calder makes his own family kitchenware—ladles, forks, spoons—using leftover scrap metal; he snips out toys for his grandchildren and jewelry for his wife. He is, in effect, a sophisticated primitive who sees the root of art in craft and invention.

In his studios in Roxbury, Conn., and Saché, France, Calder builds up his balanced mobiles by trial and tumble. Says he: "It's like making a patchwork quilt. You can't predict." A mobile can be tiny as a hummingbird; others are so outsize that airports find them their favorite lobby decor. One stabile, his *Teodelapio* in Spoleto, Italy, is the largest metal sculpture in modern times: it is 59 ft. high, weighs 30 tons, and trucks can pass underneath it. "If it's impeccable," he says, "it can be made into any scale."

**Glittering Bird.** The reason for Calder's unlimited scale is that he is a space prober. His mobiles stir through space like tree branches in a breeze. His stables (unmoving sculpture) are saurian girders that seem to slunk through the landscape, yet loom with a delicacy all their own. Yet their universality is shot through with humility. Visitors to the Guggenheim wandered beneath huge stables, paused to observe his *The Only Only Bird* (see opposite); it is a pop-like dodo made of beer and coffee cans whose title is drawn from a slogan on a can rather than being a claim to uniqueness. In its common materials, the tin bird outglitters a peacock.

Motion makes Calder's imagery. Line meanders, mobiles wobble, stables broad-jump. His art is open and practical, restless and even coarse. Blunt as his shears permit, it also is in love with innocence and in charge of material reality. It is "100% American," as Léger once stated, yet as international an expression as any man who ever made happiness with his hands.

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## SCIENCE

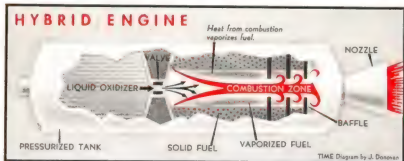
### SPACE

#### The Late-Starting Rocket

For years, the loudest noises in the aerospace business have been the rumble of liquid-fueled boosters blasting spacecraft into orbit, the sharper roar of solid-fuel military missiles climbing into their long trajectories, and the continuing, wordy battles between the promoters of each type. Now, back of the racket, can be heard the insistent voice of still another competitor in the rocketry race—the hybrid that manufactures its power by combining liquid oxidant with solid fuel. Detractors may

such as  $\text{OF}_2$  (oxygen difluoride), but since it stays in its own tank until needed, it behaves itself. When the two components come together, they burn with extremely high specific impulse, the measure of rocket power.

Best of all, say their boosters, hybrids are free of the complicated plumbing demanded by the liquids, and their inert fuel cannot cause an explosion. A solid-fuel rocket, on the other hand, has a "grain" (propellant mixture) that burns all over its surface. If the grain is cracked, the sides of the crack may start burning too; pressure may increase until the rocket explodes. The solid pro-



seoff that the hybrid combines all the dangers and difficulties of both solids and liquids. Its champions are confident that it is better than either. "Within about one year," says Douglas Ordahl, director of hybrid development at United Technology Center of United Aircraft Corp., "a hybrid will perform in orbital flight and prove that it can do all the things we claim for it."

**Fierce Fluid.** A typical hybrid is a comparatively simple product of a complex science. It is basically a pressurized tank for liquid oxidizer, behind which sits a combustion chamber lined with solid fuel. The two propellants are usually hypergolic—they ignite spontaneously when they come in contact with each other. A valve permits a jet of oxidizer to squirt into the rear chamber, combustion begins, and a hot, high-temperature flame roars out of the nozzle. The oxidizer valve can be used as a throttle to reduce the thrust and the engine can be stopped and started any number of times, a maneuver that is difficult or impossible with almost all other types of rockets.

In all-solid rockets the oxidizer and fuel must be mixed together intimately, a requirement that rules out many high-energy combinations that would start reacting as soon as they came in contact. Hybrids have no such difficulty. Their fuel can be hopped up with a high proportion of high-energy powdered metals or metallic hydrides, but in the absence of an oxidizer, they remain as inert as an auto tire. The oxidizer may be a fiercely reactive fluid

pellant can be riddled with cracks or even stacked up like bricks without increasing the burning rate.

**Beautiful Flame.** With so many advantages, what can be wrong with hybrids? A great deal, say their critics. Worst of all is low-combustion efficiency; the fuel and oxidizer tend to escape through the exhaust nozzle before they have reacted. They burn as a long, beautiful flame, which wastes much of its energy on empty air. When the hybrid is throttled down by partially closing the oxidizer valve, its efficiency gets worse, sometimes falling as low as 20%.

But all such objections are out of date, insists U.T.C.'s Ordahl. He admits that early hybrids spat unburned propellants out their nozzles, but he claims that the habit has been cured by baffles that keep the propellants from escaping before they have mixed and burned. Baffles and other improvements, says Ordahl, have boosted combustion efficiency to 90% in some U.T.C. hybrids. Aerojet-General Corp. has a different kind of baffle that is said to get 95%. The Reaction Motors Division of Thiokol Chemical Corp. believes that good burning under variable conditions can best be had by injecting extra oxidizer near the rear of the combustion chamber or downstream from the baffles.

Looking into the future, the hybrid men see big hybrid space boosters using extremely cheap fuels: liquid oxygen and ordinary rubber. For extra performance in upper-stage rockets, they have high hopes for hybrids using fuel that is almost entirely powdered metal.

If a little hydrogen is burned along with the metal and its oxidizer, the hybrid will become a "tribrid." Its specific impulse will rise into the range of the yet to be built nuclear rockets. But there will be nothing like the "nukes'" penalties in cost and danger.

### ELECTRONICS

#### Battles by Starlight

The sentry nervously stares at the ink-dark night. Among the rustlings of leaves and insects he hears a harder, hostile sound. He raises his rifle and presses an eye to a rubber cup at the end of a tubular scope. Now blackness turns into an eerie green glow; the sentry can see trees, bushes, rocks. If an enemy patrol is creeping toward him, he can spot the moving figures with surprising ease.

So far, such scenes have been acted out only in practice, but the Army's new night-seeing scope is proving so practical that it soon will be made in quantity for troops in the field. And once on active duty, the new sighting devices should prove to be a marked advance over the famed snoospeers that were so useful in World War II. The trouble with the snoospeers was that they needed their own light source—a searchlight that illuminated targets with an infra-red beam. That was invisible to the naked eye but could easily be seen by an enemy equipped with relatively simple detection devices. The snooscope sniper often found himself a sitting duck, his own infra-red searchlight pinpointing his position.

No such signature. It needs only the faint light that comes from the moon, stars or sky glow, which is never entirely absent. This light, bouncing off targets, is focused on a semitransparent screen at the front end of an extremely sensitive electron tube. The screen is photoemissive—it gives off electrons when struck by the faintest light. These photoelectrons are then speeded up by high electrical charges so that when they hit a phosphor (luminescent) screen in the tube, they make a much brighter image. The process is repeated three times, until it produces a picture thousands of times brighter than the starlit target viewed by an unaided eye.

The night-light scopes have \$18 million of development behind them, and they come in three sizes. The smallest, which fits on a rifle or can be used as a hand telescope, weighs only 5½ lbs., including its 6-volt batteries. Larger, 20-lb. scopes with a wider field of view are meant for use with recoilless rifles or other crew-handled weapons. The biggest scopes weigh 40 lbs. and sit fatly on tripods. Through their wide-angle lenses, a commander can keep track of the stumbling confusion of a night battle. He can see his own forces along with the enemy's, and hopefully send enlightened orders that will result in a starlit victory.

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Festival of Gas Pavilion. Gas turbine waste heat is used to air condition the entire pavilion. During a power interruption last summer, this building was the only one to remain lighted and air conditioned because of the Garrett self-contained system.

Another typical application is Garrett's AiResearch Facility, Torrance, California. It generates both 400 and 60 cycle power, and provides air conditioning for a portion of the modern facility including one of the largest employee cafeterias in the area.

**2. Total Air Conditioning Systems.** Garrett engineers have designed a package which utilizes the AiResearch Model 831 industrial gas turbine to provide shaft driven and waste heat refrigeration as well as electrical power.

**3. Total Air Conditioning plus Standby Power.** This Garrett system uses natural gas primarily to provide complete air conditioning.

Yet it is so designed that, in an emergency, it instantly generates 250 kw of power for other uses and still produces 200 tons of cooling for essential areas.

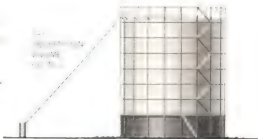
**4. Pressure Drop Power Recovery.** Here is a concept that utilizes the high-ratio pressure drop across gas distribution lines.

Garrett experience with turbo-expanders led to this system which can produce 400 tons of cooling or 250 kw of electrical power from an otherwise wasted gas "waterfall."

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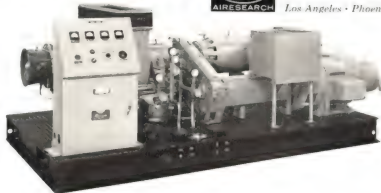
The acceptance by industry of the Garrett concepts has resulted in a significant price reduction for its turbine-powered total energy packages. This reduction makes it possible for Garrett-AiResearch customers to gain the advantages of a gas turbine energy system at operating costs less than those of purchased power.

You can probably think of specific applications for any one of these five Garrett systems. For further information write to: AiResearch Manufacturing Division, 180 N. Aviation Boulevard, El Segundo, California.

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# EDUCATION

## EDUCATIONAL POLICY

### How to Get "Nationwide"

That gentle and thoughtful critic of schools, James B. Conant, this week illuminates another problem that the U.S. didn't quite realize it had. In a new book, he says that the way the country shapes educational policy—on teaching reforms in grade schools, for example, or standards for advanced placement, or teacher recruiting—is chaotic and costly. After a wistful salute to the policymaking ministries of education in Europe, Conant acknowledges that the U.S. Constitution prevents the Federal Government from taking on such an overriding job. So, with a touch of defensiveness ("I am well aware that there

**Trusty Trustees.** Conant's cure for such shortsightedness is the creation of an "Interstate Commission for Planning a Nationwide Educational Policy." The commission, as Conant envisions it, ought to be a formal compact approved by Congress and composed of representatives chosen by the states—not educators but rather distinguished citizens such as those that serve as trustees of topnotch universities.

The spadework would be performed by perhaps 30 "working parties" of experts exploring problems state-by-state. Then, with the power of the states behind its specific recommendations, the group would have a good chance of getting congressional funds to meet the itemized demands. With such a plan, says Conant, the U.S. could devise a nationwide educational policy "adequate to meet the challenges of the new and awesome age in which we live."



CRITIC CONANT

Seeking a cure for shortsightedness.

is no novelty in suggesting . . ."), he suggests a committee, responsible to state legislatures, to make "nationwide" educational policy.

**The Establishment.** At present, says Conant in *Shaping Educational Policy* (McGraw-Hill; \$3.95), decisions are made by a "jumble" of forces that include 4,000 decentralized school boards, state education departments often run by political hacks, the hydra-headed "establishment" of education professors and accrediting agencies, and fiercely competing public and private colleges. "The politics of education," he warns, "is rapidly becoming the politics of frustration."

Members of the Texas legislature, for example, told Conant that they were under heavy pressure from local constituents to allow junior colleges to become four-year schools. "Every institution is out for itself," confessed a lawmaker. "and when this happens education becomes a pork barrel." Only two states, California and New York, follow master plans for higher education. Planning for public and secondary schools is equally incoherent. A "classic example" is Indiana, where the state superintendent of schools is elected on a partisan political ballot and staffs the agency on the spoils system.

## PROFESSORS

### Two Cultures in the Corridors

On the mantelpiece of the high-ceilinged drawing room in London stood a bronze minotaur by Sculptor-Painter Michael Ayrton. On the walls hung two early canvases by Sidney Nolan. Novelist C. P. Snow leaned forward on the edge of a sofa, planted his elbows on his knees and lit a Senior Service.

"It was late Friday when it became clear that Labor could form the government," he said. "My wife and I were speculating, rather sardonically, on the numbers of people there must be sitting beside their telephones at that moment, hoping for a call from Downing Street. On Sunday afternoon I went for a long walk, ruminating on the same subject. That the telephone might ring never entered my mind for a moment, but almost the minute I finished my walk the phone went. Could I prevent myself at Downing Street in an hour, and please to come in by the back door? I went round."

Harold Wilson gave Snow a Scotch and asked him how he'd feel about "being No. 2 to Frank Cousins in the Ministry of Technology. Of course I said yes. After all, one has talked so much about it one would feel a bit of a stinker not to have a go at it."

**Life Imitates Art.** Thus did Snow, 59, sometime physicist, Cambridge don, civil servant, business executive and portraiture-in-fiction of Britain's rulers, begin a new career: Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Technology in Wilson's new government, which has raided labs and lecture halls for academic talent to fill key posts in education, defense, science, economics.

For Snow, an apostle of science who made his reputation by deploring the "two cultures" communications gap between scientists and humanists, it will be an opportunity to apply new tech-

nology to Britain's aging industry, medical research and nature conservation—and make notes for his next novel. To become Her Majesty's spokesman in the House of Lords, where Laborite Snow makes his debut this week, he exchanged the knightly title of "Sir" for a life peerage as Lord Snow of Leicester, the industrial town where he was raised.

**"Charmingly Square."** Like Civil Servant Lewis Eliot, fictional hero of his series of novels, Snow was born "shabby genteel, really, just a cut above the working class." Their careers have run parallel for two decades, and Snow's newest book, *Corridors of Power*, makes the coincidence even closer.

The novel, already published in the U.S. (LIVE, Sept. 18), is just out in England. With Snow's consent, Publisher and former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan delayed publication un-



LORD SNOW BY AYRTON

Entering by the back door.

til after the election because the leading character, an ambitious young Tory minister named Roger Quaife, is speeded to ruin over an adulterous affair that voters could have taken for the Profumo scandal. Quaife's adviser is none other than Lewis Eliot, and Snow will similarly be chief counselor to a Cabinet member (where the parallel ends: Union Leader Cousins is not known to be involved in any scandal). "Fantastic," says Snow, "that I should step so nearly into the shoes of my character."

Conservative politicians gleefully roasted the novel. Former Education Minister Sir Edward Boyle sniffed that Snow's fictional Prime Minister was "pretty incredible." Frontbencher Iain Macleod said that "as a portrait of Tory politics half a dozen years ago, it is charmingly square." Quintin Hogg mused, "Where are the snows of yesterday?" Literary critics were kinder, except for Cambridge Don F. R. Leavis, whose 1962 onslaught on Snow as "portentously ignorant" remains a bloody monument in the history of British literary warfare. Leavis acidly remarked: "Snow is in his heaven, the House of Lords." Snow urbanely shrugged off the critics. That's what Lewis Eliot would have done.



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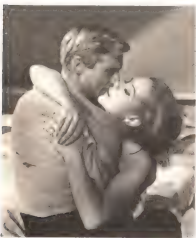
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## CINEMA

### Low Corpuscle Count

Youngblood Hawke pays excessive respect to the antic Hollywood tradition of turning bad novels into worse movies. Herman Wouk's 1962 bestseller about a young novelist's spectacular career seemed to be written with one eye on Thomas Wolfe and one eye on an eventual film sale, but this farsighted assist did not save the movie from ineptitude.

Wouk described his hero as a cigar-smoking Kentucky coal trucker, huge, thick-featured and rustic. "A hulking sloven of twenty-six who had written an ugly bellowing dinosaur of a novel."



FRANCISCUS & PAGE IN "HAWKE"  
Tamed Wolfe.

In the slender person of James Franciscus, schoolteacher star of TV's *Mr. Novak*, Youngblood's red corpuscle count seems low. Down home, Mama Mildred Dunnoek no sooner scolds him about "wastin' yur time scribblin' stories" than the phone rings. Long distance. A famous publisher is plumb crazy about his book. He heads for Manhattan, meets a fetching editor (Suzanne Pleshette) whose first act of levity is to set him up in a \$50-a-month garret with a skylight, a terrace, and a splendid view of the city's challenging spires. In movies like *Youngblood Hawke*, every office, flat and cellar bistro adroitly manages to look out on the skyline.

The rest of the film looks in on Manhattan's literati, proffering a view of life at the top that will be wonderfully satisfying to restless schoolgirls in Great Falls. Everyone is crude but beautiful, and Max Steiner's busy background music puts every known human emotion into italics. Champagne flows. Famous critics stagger to their feet at parties, uttering dire absurdities about "the prime young stag hunted to death by hater hunters." Youngblood is hounded to the bed of a sleek, wealthy matron (Genevieve Page). He goes on to acquire the Pulitzer Prize, his own pub-

lishing house, part ownership in a shopping center—and bankruptcy, moral and fiscal. Finally, while penning another doorstopper to pay off his debt to a Swiss bank, he catches pneumonia. "Apparently fell into the stream while trying to make it to the road with his manuscript," says the doctor with innocent wit. In the book, the author dies, but in the movie he survives—presumably to prove that a doomed genius has as much right to live as anybody.

### Puppet Show

**Send Me No Flowers.** Well, they've finally gone and done it. Five years after they started making *Pillow Talk*, Rock Hudson and Doris Day have tied the knot. And moved into a mortgage-covered cottage in commuterland. And joined the very best country club. And subsided into exurban sprawl. But not for long. Something inevitably goes wrong with Mr. and Mrs. Right.

With nothing real to worry about, Rock starts worrying about himself. Every time his gums bleed he imagines hemophilia. Every little freckle has a meaning all its own: cancer! One day he feels some minor heartburn, suspects a major heart attack, rushes off to consult his best friend and neighbor (Tony Randall).

"I've got bad news," he announces.

"Nothing that's going to affect property values, I hope."

"It's my ticker—it's curtains."

"Holy cow, that's terrible! I—are you going to tell your wife? You remember how she was when the dog died. This could be worse."

Rock modestly agrees, and decides not to upset his leatherheaded lem. Instead, he thoughtfully attempts to select a successor who can provide for the poor widow. Inspired by his buddy's "nobility," Tony dashes off an advance draft of a funeral eulogy: "They needed a good sport in heaven." But the little woman is confused: she figures that Rock is fixing her up with a slimy oilman in order to justify an affair of his own. To set her straight, Rock is forced to confess his condition. To set him straight, Doris produces a memorable wifely weirdie. "Promise me," she urges him tenderly, "that you'll never keep anything like that from me again." Etc.

Displayed to Broadway audiences as a comedy of character (TIME, Dec. 19, 1960), *Flowers* seemed artificial and soon wilted under critical dissection. Rearranged for moviegoers as a formula farce, the show still seems artificial but the artifice somehow seems right—in a puppet show, who needs reality? Director Norman Jewison deserves three small cheers for the skillful manipulation of his principal puppets. Actor Randall, who as always looks like an unsolicited testimonial for psychoanalysis, achieves a socks-a-series-of-bell-stretching belly laughs. Actor Hudson, who as sensitively



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cast as the half-dead hero, has seldom performed so inoffensively. And Actress Day, who at 40 should maybe stop trying to play Goldilocks, comes off as a cheerful, energetic and wildly overdecorated Mama Bear.

### Winning Losers

**Rio Conchos** lays money on the somewhat odd proposition that the West was won by losers. Its motley heroes are an incompetent Army officer (Stuart Whitman), his much-abused Negro aide (Cleveland Fullback Jim Brown), a half-breed cutthroat (Tony Franciosa), and a grizzled lay-about (Richard Boone) who loves red-eye as passionately as he loathes redskins.

Conveniently flung together by hard luck, the four men head through Apache country to find a Southern trader who may know the whereabouts of 2,000 carbines stolen from a U.S. Cavalry shipment. En route they brawl and hicker, drink and debauch in a rugged Old West that appears to be crawling with *banditos*, prostitutes and sadistic savages. They add an Indian girl to their retinue, a sensible primitive who talks little and doesn't keep any of the fellows awake nights.

This virile, whimsical odyssey rises to a not-quite-credible climax at the Mexican hideout of Dixie Renegade Edmond O'Brien. It is two years since Appomattox, but O'Brien, nursing a mad dream that he will resume the Civil War, has established himself in a sort of alfresco plantation house as commander in chief of 1,000 or more Apache Confederate troops. Crazy, sure. But if *Rio Conchos* is no *High Noon*, it is a tough-minded little western that cuts the television competition down to size. It makes most of the saddlesoap operas that jockey for space on the home screen look like Brand-X horseplay.



BOONE, WHITMAN & BROWN IN "RIO"  
Better horseplay.



McENERY & MILLS IN "MOON-SPINNERS"  
Girlish Bond.

### Thrills, Spills & Pola Negri

The *Moon-Spinners*. The mere notion of a juvenile suspense thriller by Walt Disney is apt to give moviegoers the heebie-jeebies. It calls up unnerving images. Seven stray cats finding their way home to a haunted castle. Donald Duck meeting Frankenstein. Hordes of psychotic chipmunks slaughtering each other for nuts. But *The Moon-Spinners*, filmed in picture-book color on the island of Crete, turns out to be daft and breezy escapism assigned to a cast of flesh-and-blood actors headed by Hayley Mills. Given a plot that might fit snugly into the Nancy Drew mystery series, Hayley plays it with the knowing air of a junior-miss James Bond.

Hayley and her aunt (Joan Greenwood), vacationing at a sunny village inn, meet a spirited young English compatriot (Peter McEnery). Enter Eli Wallach, as the swarthy Greek villain who knows that Peter knows too much about a jewel theft back in London, and the plot begins to fizz. Peter turns up, with a bullet wound, in an ancient spooky crypt. Hayley skips to the rescue. Showing an appetite for danger that 007 himself might envy, she is bound and gagged in a rat-infested granary, makes a wild leap to freedom on the rotating vanes of a windmill, cracks a rifle butt over a thug's skull, commandeers a speedboat and belts down a couple of drinks—all to help recover a fabulous emerald necklace.

The film's choicest surprise occurs in the last reel or so, when Hayley blithely outwits 69-year-old Pola Negri, *femme fatale* of the silent era. In her first film since 1943, Temptress Negri, co-doling her pet cheetah aboard an improbable yacht, plays an eccentric millionaire with a passion for jewels. Her bizarre, spoofing comeback points up a new worldliness in Disney, who has obviously decided that what was grand passion for Grandpa is just good clean fun for the kids.

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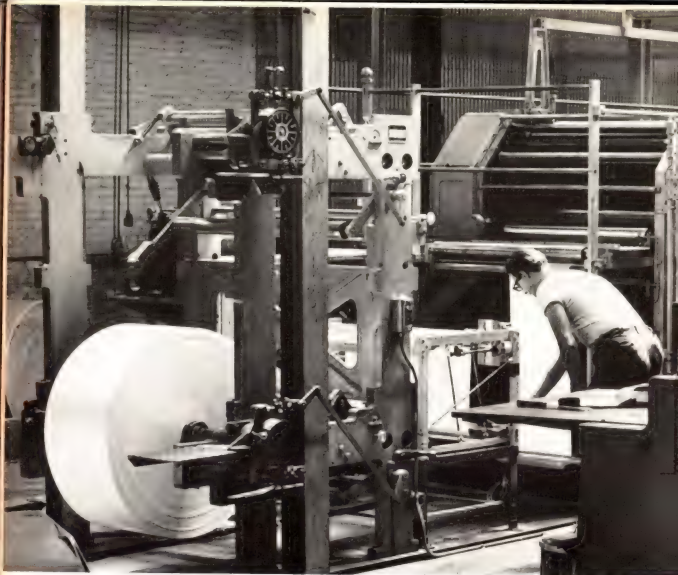
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## BOOKS

### Mistress to a Monument

LIFE WITH PICASSO by Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake. 373 pages. McGraw-Hill, \$6.95.

After nine years and two children, Françoise Gilot finally left Pablo Picasso, reportedly exclaiming: "I am not living with a man, but with a monument." Many women have tried to live with the monument who, as the greatest living artist, was bound to make it a monumental task. Françoise was his fourth long-term mistress, escaped becoming his second wife. Now, twelve years after the end of the affair, Françoise recounts in tranquility—something she rarely had with Picasso—with the aid of the Paris art correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor.

In his courtship of Françoise, Picasso didn't show her his etchings—he showed her how to etch. Since she was a full 40 years younger than he, she had to pass acid-test encounters with Gertrude Stein, Braque, Matisse, Cocteau, and a dozen other greats before she could share his life. Yet, judging from her memoirs, crammed with incredible recall, she was a cool creature who passed the tests but, instead of sharing his life, only came to understand it.

**Marriage Album.** Everything had the power to stir Picasso's imagination. He kept owls, pigeons, even a smelly he-goat around the house. He loved to blow loudly on an old French army bugle. He was superstitious to a degree unsuspected in such an undisciplined liberal thinker. A hat thrown on a bed (meaning that someone in the house was going to die before the year was over) could throw him into a tantrum. Dancing was total depravity to Picasso, who was otherwise unbothered by convention.

Picasso was a collector of people as well as things. He constantly visited

Françoise's predecessor, Dora Maar, who responded by conventionally snubbing Françoise when they met. It did not bother him a bit that his first wife, Olga, trailed Françoise around the streets. He even kept an entire apartment in Paris, where he had lived with Olga, intact. His suits were still there, moth-eaten to the seams; paintings were slathered with inches of dust. But Picasso regarded it as a kind of album of his first marriage. Taken to see it, Françoise began to think of Picasso as some sort of Bluebeard. Writes she: "I began to have the feeling that if I looked into a closet, I would find half a dozen ex-wives hanging by their necks."

**Monster Love.** To Françoise, Picasso seemed like one of his recurrent mythological figures—the minotaur. Painfully aware of his bandy legs and his small stature, Picasso believed that he could be loved only because he was a monster. "God is really only another artist," Picasso told Françoise. "He invented the giraffe, the elephant and the cat. He just keeps on trying other things. The same with this sculptor [himself]. First he works from nature; then he tries abstraction. Finally he winds up lying around caressing his models."

For a woman who spent so long with Picasso, Françoise writes as if love's labor's lost. But in the minotaur's caress, Françoise admits that she found herself. No woman could ask for more.

### Myriad in Eden

THE ARISTOS by John Fowles. 246 pages. Little, Brown, \$5.

In British Author John Fowles's brilliant first novel, *The Collector*, one of the most cunning evil characters of modern fiction utterly vanquishes the good. As if to make amends, Fowles has now written a philosophical work whose theme is the *aristos*, Greek for



JOHN FOWLES  
Adrift in a boundless ocean.

the excellent in life. Good novelists seldom make good philosophers, or vice versa; but Fowles is obviously at home in both fields.

Fowles's acknowledged mentor is the 6th century B.C. Greek thinker Heraclitus, whose extant work consists only of brief fragments declaring cryptically that the universe is in flux, that life is a ceaseless struggle of opposites: fire and water, earth and spirit, love and hate. Fowles shares Heraclitus' reverence for life, his clear-eyed contemplation of the tragic, his love of paradox; and he is even more eloquent.

"I live in hazard and infinity," Fowles writes. "The cosmos stretches around me, meadow on meadow of galaxies, reach on reach of dark space, steppes of stars, oceanic darkness and light. There is no god in it, no particular concern or particular mercy. Yet everywhere I see a living balance, a rippling tension, an enormous yet mysterious simplicity, an endless breathing of light. And I comprehend that being is understanding, that I must exist in hazard but that the whole is not in hazard. Seeing and knowing this is being conscious; accepting it is being human."

**Designed to Want.** Man is adrift on a raft in a boundless ocean, writes Fowles. "From his present dissatisfaction, he reasons that there was some catastrophic wreck in the past, before which he was happy; some golden age, some Garden of Eden. He also reasons that somewhere ahead lies a promised land. Meanwhile, he is miserably *en passage*." But if man were to find his utopia, writes Fowles, he would be much more miserable. For man is made to struggle and yearn: "We are designed to want; with nothing to want, we are like windmills in a world without wind."

In fact, facing up to the finality of death is a liberation: it makes life itself more precious: "The idea that death is not absolute consoles the childish individual, but prevents society from being



PICASSO'S MINOTAUR (1933)



FRANÇOISE GILOT & FRIEND

Recalling goats, owls, pigeons and a hat on the bed.

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TO LOSS, LOSS, ROAD                     

AWAY FROM THE PREMISES                     

LOSS OR ALTERATION OF                     

AND AFFIDAVIT OF                     

and occurred under the following circumstances                     

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slightly damaged.

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**CLAIM PAID**

**CLAIM PAID**

adult. If it were proved that there is an afterlife, life would be irretrievably spoiled. It would be pointless; and suicide, a virtue."

Like many another existentialist-type thinker, Fowles combines a cosmic pessimism with a reformer's drive to improve the world. Less interesting and less moving on such topics as cybernetics and birth control, he is nonetheless eminently sensible, and his strictures aimed against all dogmatic camps are shrewd: "A Christian says, 'If all were good, all would be happy.' A socialist says, 'If all were happy, all would be good.' A mystic says, 'If all were like me, happiness and goodness would not matter.' A humanist says, 'Happiness and goodness need more analysis.' An existentialist tries to commit himself to what is best of the best philosophy for the given situation."

**Time for a Truce.** Fowles concludes that it is possible that some of life's opposites can be reconciled. Man is unnecessarily passionate on the one hand and quarrelsome on the other. The one emotion supports the other; and the violence of human history is the sad consequence of this alternation. Fowles coolly urges a return to classical harmony, the "avoidance of wasted energy, of pointless battle, of unnecessary suffering. There is no inescapable need for man to be his own worst enemy. Many other things are queuing to have that role."

What Fowles means by "other things" are problems of overpopulation, poverty and ignorance. It is time, he writes, for man to come to terms with his tensions, and to get on with the practical business of making the world a better place to live in.

## Blood Hatred

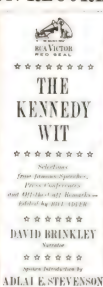
THE FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE by Camilo José Cela, translated and with an introduction by Anthony Kerrigan. 166 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50.

Spain's centuries of in- and overbreeding have produced bravery as well as hemophilia—and an anti-hero like Pascual Duarte. He is a rogue in the sense of being, like the fighting bull, specially bred, running separate from the herd, amuck, savage and destructive. He is a basic black part of the Spanish conscience.

His family is what the Spanish call *olla podrida*, or rotten pot, a mess. His brutal father dies, literally, rabid. His imbecile brother, whose ears were chewed off by a hog, drowns in an oil vat. Rosario, his sister, is the only one Pascual even begins to love. She is a whore practically from puberty. His feelings for her are more than slightly incestuous. When her lover seduces Pascual's wife, Pascual kills him.

Pascual's cuckold horns become the horns of the sacrificial Spanish bull. Having drawn blood, he charges on till he gores the very flesh that made him: his mother, whom he guiltily loves and

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CAMILO CELA  
Deep in the Spanish vein.

hates, who symbolizes Spain. "There is no deeper hatred than blood hatred, hatred for one's own blood," reflects Pascual. He hates his mother for her blasphemy, sluttishness, ignorance and indifference. She cannot even produce tears at the funeral of her younger son. Unconsciously, Pascual decides she will weep blood.

Knife in hand, he finds himself standing over the mother's bed, but he cannot kill her in her sleep. When she wakes, shrieking, he jumps on her and they fight, tearing one another's clothes until "her mouth found my nipple, my left nipple, and tore it away. That was the moment I sank the blade into her throat. . . . Her blood spurted all over my face. It was warm as a soft belly and tasted like the blood of a lamb."

Though it has appeared in 13 Spanish editions and 16 translations (including one in England in 1946), this novel has waited 22 years for U.S. readership, in part because it is short in length, and certainly not sweet. Deep in the classic Spanish vein, it is a tragedy of blood, relentless as a *corrida*, cruel as an *auto-da-fé*.

### Tea & Tedium

CHILDREN OF VIOLENCE: MARTHA QUEST AND A PROPER MARRIAGE by Doris Lessing. 605 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.50.

We are all prisoners of our mechanisms, of the harsh or easy tyrannies of our bodies and of society. Possession of intelligence does not change this galling truth; it merely makes us aware of it. The rebellious spirit is jerked short by the end of the chain.

This is the theme that slowly surfaces in these first two novels of what Doris Lessing plans as a five-novel-cycle. The heroine is a girl of middle-class English parents who was born and grows up in a British colony in Africa. Her name, Martha Quest, is recognized first as

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lame symbolism and then as intentional irony. Martha is not questing for anything. Her father is an unsuccessful farmer and a passionate hypochondriac; her mother is a graceless worshipper of convention.

When the reader meets Martha in the mid-1930s, she is a 15-year-old rationalist who contemptuously understands everything about her parents except how they got that way. Yet by her early 20s, she herself is, by what seems at the time her own choice, the wife of a standard-model civil servant and the mother of a conventional child. Although she has "views"—she disbelieves vaguely in the color bar—she is accepted placidly by colonial suburbia. Then she discovers that she feels as if she were going mad. Older wives smile kindly and say, Yes, that's right, everyone feels that way.

In this situation, an American housewife would get a divorce or take a course in something. By the end of these 600 pages, Martha has indeed left her husband, and also joined a Communist Party cell. But Martha is moved to redecorate her mind by impulses that would prompt a less intelligent woman to change the slip covers in her living room. She serves the cause of world revolution because she is bored with serving tea cakes.

Doris Lessing has the rare skill to deal seriously with a female main character who falls into the large but artistically troublesome range between prostitute and nun. Perhaps because the novels are more autobiography than fiction, the author suffers curiously from her heroine's flaw of vision: she is unwilling to look with interest at anything outside Martha.

## Blunted Needle

NOVA EXPRESS by William S. Burroughs. 187 pages. Grove. \$5.

Nominally novels, William Burroughs' works are, more precisely, potluck: the cauldron, having flipped its lid, spills nightmare fantasies, sick jokes, narcotic dreams and polemics against pushers and in favor of the apomorphine cure. And, of course, concedes the author, "obscurity is coldly added as the total weapon."

With that sort of prospectus, the St. Louis-born Tangier expatriate was ordained as the high priest of the beats even before his first "novel," *Naked Lunch*, was off the Grove press. Now, in his second of what promises to be a Domsday Quartet, Burroughs invokes a personal and "very inglorious Pantheon to give the modern world the needle in the same way Zeus and his gang broke up the ancient one." His Zenlike Zeus is the Persian Hassan-i-Sabbah, prophet of an 11th century cult of hashish takers.

Burroughs feels very close to Hassan: he says Hassan seems to dictate portions of his novels. Vying to usurp Hassan's dominion over earth are lesser



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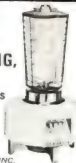


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but formidable rival gods, including 1) the lecherous ones of Venus, who are dosing man with the Orgasm Drug to draw him into fatal orgies; 2) the totalitarian of the Crab Galaxy, who have ready giant ovens to bake humans into insectlike critters in a hivelike commune; and 3) the plain old hophead gods of Uranus, who have become radioactive themselves and are plotting to frizzle Earthmen with their own radioactivity.

This unholy trinity constitutes the Nova Mob, a sort of celestial Cosa Nostra, and the book begins with "total disaster now on tracks" for earth, and "the whole planet absolutely flapping hysterical with panic." Any reader who hopes to learn in the end whether the

LOOKING DOWN



WILLIAM BURROUGHS

*Obscenity as a total weapon.*

Nova Mob outwits the efforts of Hassan's Nova Police to save the world reveals a hidebound, un-hip fixation with the old plotted fiction.

Occasionally, Burroughs' hollow humor draws a hollow belly laugh, as when one Nova Mobster, The Subliminal Kid, eggs on the civilized world toward a mind-shattering collapse by playing over and over (on loudspeakers that cannot be turned off) unrelated sound tapes of jack hammers, jukeboxes and cocktail-hour persiflage. But mostly the novel is a stream of unpunctuated non sequiturs, in which coherence seems inadvertent and in which Burroughs' scatological and pornographic effects no longer seem to shock.

### Also Current

LET IN THE SUN by Woody Klein. 297 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95.

The house at 311 East 100th Street in Harlem enjoys a reputation for being the grubbier slum building on the grubbier slum street in the U.S. It has been the scene of countless fires, fights, arrests, knifings, suicides, and a few deaths that defy all explanation. Woody Klein, reporter for the New York World-

Telegram and Sun, relates the depressing history of this house, all the more depressing because politicians, social workers, and no end of other do-gooders have been promising to clean it up for decades, and yet nothing has actually been done. The fault, Reporter Klein finds, lies largely with the laxity of the city government and the profits to be had from slums. Avaricious landlords make a killing by collecting rents without making any repairs, then sell out quickly. Because they do not consider that owning a slum building is much of a crime, local judges hand down notoriously light sentences on those rare occasions when slumlords are haled into court. But as the great housing reformer, Jacob Riis, once put it, "Murder is murder, whether it is done with an axe or with a house."

SHORT FRIDAY AND OTHER STORIES by Isaac Bashevis Singer. 243 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$4.95.

In every man there is a bit of dybbuk that will not be exorcised. This is the informing spirit of the world of Isaac Singer, who was born in Poland 60 years ago and still writes in Yiddish, though he has lived in the U.S. since 1935. In one characteristic fable, a deserted wife is consoled by an affair with a prankster posing as a demon; in another, a husband's daydream of adultery turns into nightmare when his genie procures for him a renegade witch. Only once, in Singer's *The Last Demon*, does an imp face unemployment, and it is then merely technological. Seeking one final success, the imp tries to lure a villager into an affair with an official's wife. Grumbles the frustrated imp: "I had my handkerchief ready if he should spit on me. So what does the man do? 'Why waste your breath?' he calls out angrily. 'I'm willing. Start working on her.' 'Who needs demons when man himself is a demon?'"

ARGEN THE GULL by Franklin Russell. 238 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Author Russell has zeroed in on one particular *Larus argentatus*, or herring gull, and produced an odd, passionate saga of its free life and very hard times. Russell scrutinizes "Argen's" bird life from egg to watery grave 20 years later, an exceptionally long life span as calamity-prone gulls go. He shows Argen in the flock and drifting solo, molting and mating, gorging and regurgitating, rising and falling in the pecking order. Without ever bringing man into his pages, Russell draws an oblique comparison between the life of gull and man both caught in the grip of habit and driven by the search for home. So long as his big metaphor remains unstated and merely implicit, Author Russell flies straight and sure, occasionally soaring in his prose with the seeming effortlessness of his subject. But when he succumbs to the temptation to personify, he is in trouble. In fact, he succumbs to gullibility.



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